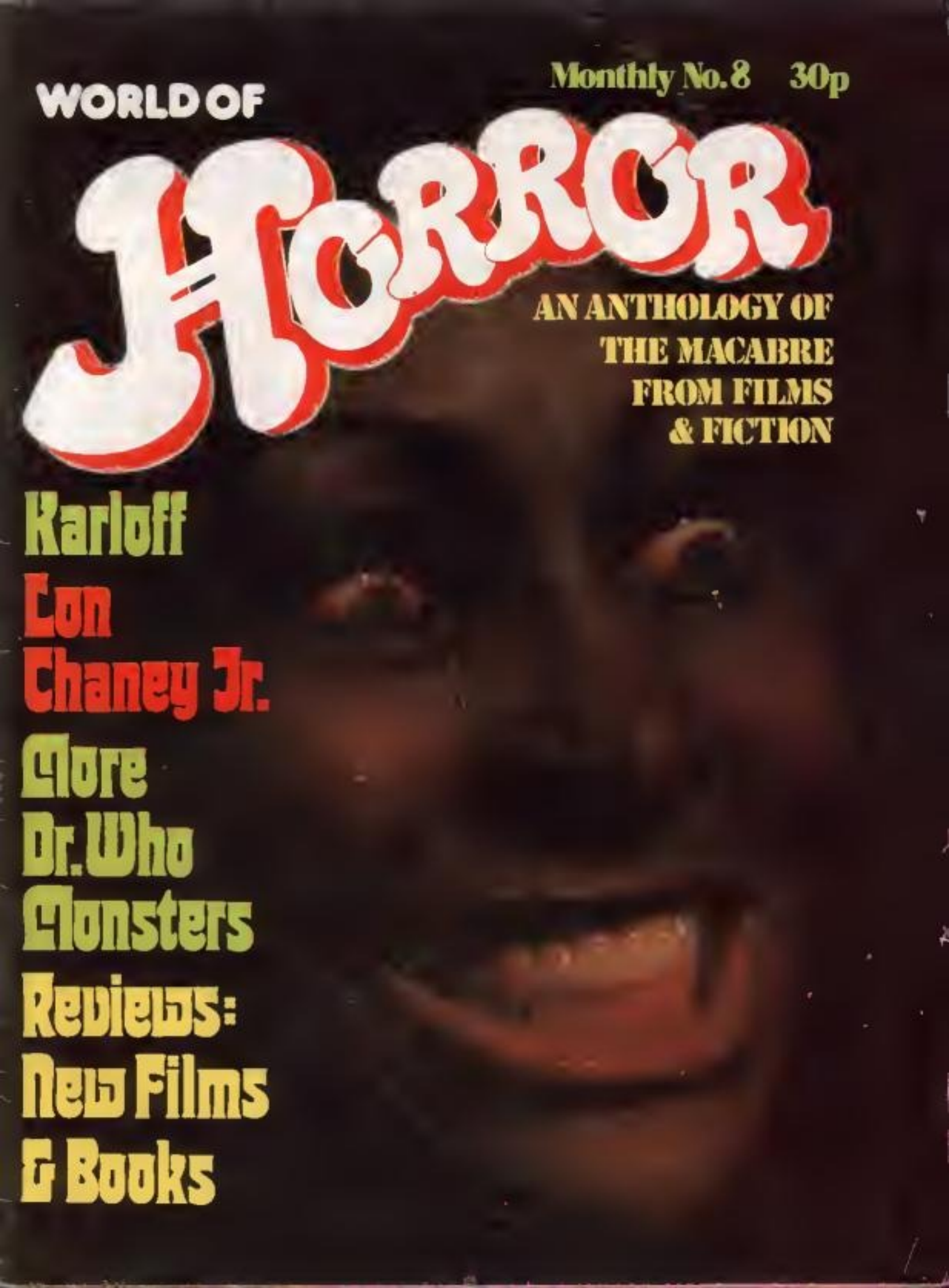
Monthly No. 8 30p

WORLD OF

HORROR

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE MACABRE FROM FILMS & FICTION



Karloff

Lon Chaney Jr.

More Dr. Who Monsters

Reviews: New Films & Books

So you think you know the horror scene. Let's see if you can identify the following fearsome five.

WORLD OF HORROR ☆ QUIZ TIME ☆

A

B

C

D

E

Answers are on page 63.

Scoring:

5 correct	Monster master
4 correct	Creature Count
3 correct	Terror Tout
2 correct	Beasty Beginner
1 cofrect	Awful Amateur
0 correct	Go directly to the crypt Do not pass go Do not collect £200 00, place advance order for issue 8

WORLD OF HORROR

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We have a major announcement for you thie month. To wit: "Gant Shaw" hee left us to pursue independent projects in the publiehing world. We wish him the best of luck, and thenk him for his continued encouragement and advice. We intend to keep the policy of covering all espects of the horror-fantasy scene in hope of pleasing all factions of our very varied reedership as often as possible, from the most bloodthirsty fourth-former to the most dedicated cinephile. This, of course, is a difficult task, and we still need plenty of reader response, criticism and suggestione to aid us in assembling the right blend of material. Remember, WOH is *your* megazine. Let'a hear from more of you.

Editor: **Boadicea K Bathory** — Art Editor: **Pat Reynolds**
Art Assistant: **Mary Akehurst** — Staff Photographer: **Brian Netscher**
Production Manager: **Mertin Liles** — Advertisement Manager: **Jim Shaw**

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BORIS KARLOFF AND HIS FILMS

A career portrait of one of the screen's most versatile stars, tracing his development from the cold, remote symbol of terror in *Frankenstein* to Hollywood's fatherly, almost genial elder statesman. In this thoroughly researched book Jensen has come up with a wealth of detail, including pictures of Karloff in all his famous film guises.

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THE LONGLEAT

Last month we announced that our series of "Dr Who" features would be ceasing for a while — well, by now you should know enough to expect the unexpected from "WOH".

"Who" scholar Simon Short's report, describing his recent trip to Longleat's exhibit of monsters and artifacts was too informative and entertaining to keep on file. Just had to print it right away. Hope the many readers of all age groups who have written in to tell us that they share our regressive delight in the venerable BBC series enjoy this article as much as we have.

DR. WHO EXHIBITION

The Longleat Stable yard, and Blackpool Golden Mile "Dr. Who" exhibitions were first opened in the Easter of '73 and ended their seasons on the October of that same year — this was unfortunate as it was then that considerable interest was aroused in the programme by the celebration of its tenth anniversary. The Longleat exhibition was a small affair in which one entered the familiar police box to find oneself in a fully operational mock-up of the celebrated "Tardis" (Time And Relative Dimensions In Space) complete with flashing lights and sound effects. Over the control panels that bordered the edge of the control room, one could view another room inhabited by two operational Daleks, Aggador, a Mk4 Cyberman, and a Sea Devil. Another such room on the opposite side of the control room contained a less exciting — but no less well made — mock-up of a Lunar-Rover. This exhibition was altered only slightly the next year by the replacement of Aggador by an Ice Warrior, a Draconian, and three Metabelis 3 Spiders, but this year, as the experiment has proved a success, it has been vastly improved with an extension — therefore giving more for the unraised admission fee.

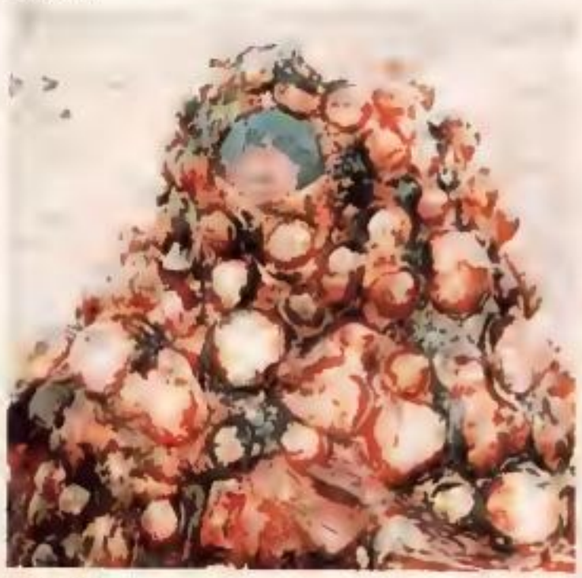
The loudspeaker in the stable yard repeats the "Dr. Who" theme-tune like an updated Pied Piper-people from all directions enter the Police Box, which serves as a ticket booth, and turn into the dimly lit corridor resounding with muted sound effects.

The head of a small Tyrannosaurus Rex snarls dramatically through a hole it has smashed in a brick wall, by way of introduction to the monstrous world of Doctor Who. Further along the corridor is a doll-

Dalek

Cyberman

Ice Warriors



Cell Guard

Mutant

Giant Maggots

A Primitive

Metabelis III Spider's

DR. WHO

Continued from page 3

house-like model that was used as the cryo-dorm in the same adventure as the T Rex — "Invasion of the Dinosaurs" in '74.

The exhibition really begins at a long perspex panel that plays hevoc with camera flashes and separates the public from a small boulder walled room in which three Mk5 Cybermen which made their appearance in "Revenge of the Cybermen", carry sundry pieces of equipment. What little horror element there may have been in the series is played down here — almost certainly for the sake of the younger visitors. Yet this is without doubt the most eerie part of the exhibition due to the proximity of the creatures and the low lighting. Also, the Cybermen continue to exercise that strange tension that is so surprising from monsters of plastic.

A metallic clicking draws attention further down the room to Field Major Styre's robot, the clicking is caused by its twitching whisker-like antennae, as its great box-like "head" that forms the majority of its being, turns atop its framework with a biting wirr. By the side of this insect-like automaton stands the owner himself. The merciless Sontaran cradles his helmet in one arm, revealing the vile face that we became acquainted with in "The Sontaran Experiment" in '75 along with his robot.

I am afraid that I can supply no interesting interviews with these creatures — they are hung on frames.

Now the corridor turns, and it is getting lighter.

Past a photo of Sarah Jane pursued by Lynx (the first Sontaran we met) from "The Time Warrior" in '74, is a small compartment behind perspex, which contains only the heads of monsters, like macabre Medieaval relics. This similarity is heightened by their condition. The unfortunate non-human heads include those of an Exxilon, an Ice Warrior, a Yeti, a Mutent, and a See Devil.

Passing photos of the Pertwee-Baker transition, visitors are ordered to:

"Halt! Halt or be ex-ter-min-at-ed!"

in the instantly recognisable oscillating rasp of the Daleks. The validity of the threat is proved as a Dalek guard glides forward in a perspex booth — its dome-lights flash accordingly, its eye-stalk swivels to inspect those who have walked into its trap, sucker-arm extends to make its point, its radio-activating gun levels... unfortunately for the pre-programmed "guard", many people just will not take it seriously. They ignore its orders and enter Tardis control room. But some — mostly children — stop to watch the Dalek watching them.

"Iden-ti-fy!... You will o-bey the Dal-eks."

The Tardis is un-der Dal-ek con-trol!"

This last is obviously just Dalek propaganda: it is the Humans that have taken over Tardis — the control boards around the edge of the brilliantly lit control room are playfully manhandled by terrifyingly earnest children while the adults show them how, and the "Monsters" look disapprovingly on. It is a relief that the central control panel of Tardis is protected from wandering hands by perspex panels on each of its six sides, or the entire exhibitions might shimmer and disappear from Longleat — and the Earth forever.

The Dalek rasps warningly as its captives leave it for the greater pleasures of the control room.

"Do not smoke! Smokers will be ex-ter-min-at-ed!"

No cigarette, cigar or pipe is in sight. Perhaps the Daleks exercise some power in Tardis after all.

This is the original exhibition — the central control panel, the space around it, and over the side control boards are visible the two "Monster rooms", the one once occupied by the Lunar Rover mock-up is now occupied with more interesting exhibits. Three worshipping-sect Exxilons stare bemusedly up at the bright lights that illuminate them — a typical pose often used in "Death to the Daleks" in '74. Behind them stands an extension of Axos or "Axon monster" bloated by its grotesque mass of external organs from "The Claws of Axos". To their left is the queen Wirrn, still as dead as it was in "Ark in space", but not yet decomposed — the characteristic slime of the Wirrn seeps through its egg tube. Above it rears an adult Wirrn, its eyes hold a malevolent intelligence and its antennee are unusually elongated — it is probably the swarm leader into which the unfortunate "Noah" developed. A pupae Wirrn has wriggled to the side of the queen Wirrn and so unfortunately, little can be seen of it. In my opinion the Wirrn are the most interesting exhibits — but then, I liked the story. The light is brilliant in this section and the background is formed from the cryogenic cells of the "Ark".

The other "Monster room", on the opposite side of the central control panel is more full than I would have believed possible. A giant clam's maw is agape to catch any intruders. (This exhibit has little monster value and is probably intended as scenery.) Behind it its a Dalek — both creations of the megalomaniac Davros, who sits in his "chair" facing away from them — probably because they were both his failures in their different ways. The Dalek is certainly more gaudily painted than Davros would have preferred — instead of its subservient grey, it wears the rich yellow of the scientific adviser to the Dalek High Council. More mundane colours are worn by the horribly disfigured Mutos — the lepers of radiation fallout, who wrap their bodies in the time-proven manner of the disfigured outcast, it is painfully understandable that they avert their faces from the curious. These creatures were of course featured in "Genesis of the Daleks". A solitary See Devil stands tensely regarding the public of the same species that took over their planet... earth, in "The See Devils" in '72, its hands are abnormally far from the heat ray that nestles in its belt. A handsome Draconian Delegate sits to assess the nature of Earth's inhabitants which flock by — he has no gun, but looks understandably wary after the near-war provoked between our two Galactic empires by the Daleks and the Master, in "Frontier in Space". Two Ice Warriors stand behind, apparently in intense discomfort under the heat of the spotlights: one has a sonic disruptor strapped to his right arm, but it is lowered. A great Mk2 Yeti stands penavely in the corner, its huge hands hanging limply by its sides — an admirable creature of tremendous strength but possessing tremendous meekness, until the Great Intelligence arrives.

Leaving the control room and heading towards the souvenir niche, and exit, is the last remaining section of monsters — a small, brightly illuminated compartment containing a Drashig — whose species were portrayed in "Carnival of Monsters" in '73 as giant dragon-like creatures — here it is possible to see that their size was, in fact, nearer to that of a large snake: the Drashigs' eye-stalks droop — probably at its embarrassment. A giant maggot which appeared in "The Green Death" in '73 is still poised to spit poison. The Mk2 Cybermat is a creature of plastic but it is still "alive" in the same sense as are the Cybermen (its masters) — it now lies dormant — probably deactivated, after "The Revenge of the Cybermen" of '75. Three Metebelis 3 spiders suffer the indignity as intelligent females, of being *hung up* like common arachnids. (Archnaphobiacs had better not look at them — they are really very realistic). A pity the bloated queen spider was not present.

The souvenir niche sells almost anything commercially produced to do with the series but unfortunately does not supply the tremendous need for non-Dalek monster material — a shame.

Damage and mistakes are, unfortunately rife in this exhibition: probably because the exhibits have all too often been stockpiled in some props department and cannibalised for later programmes. Recent creatures such as the Mk5 Cyberman, Styre and his robot, Wirrn, giant clam and Davros, have been spared this fate since it is now realised that they are more than just leftovers from past programmes, and can be made further use of — also they have not had enough time to be seriously damaged. But the older creatures have suffered badly. The Cyberman's tubes are slightly damaged. Lynx has lost most of his personality though the loss of the actors' eyes. The Exxilons depended so much upon the actors faces beneath them, that they now need to be semi-covered by their cloaks. The See Devil's hand is unfilled and it hangs as if it were loose skin. The area around the Draconians' eyes and mouths are rather too obviously filled with the features of a plastic dummy. The Ice Warriors' mouths are missing — the gaps in their heads where their mouths should have protruded are filled with tissue paper. The heads on their own are the most pitiful. The Exxilon's eyes have been removed, reducing the head to a shapeless lump. The Ice Warrior's head has the same mouth problem — in this case filled with cloth and giving him an expression of total surprise. The Mutents' mandibles are twisted backwards (these creatures were nicknamed "Mutts" by the humans of the interplanetary Mining Corporation. It is hardly surprising, they *do* have a hangdog expression.) The See Devils' right eye is smashed. But it is the Yeti head that suffers the greatest indignation, as with his fellow Yeti, his eye had been removed for some other purpose, helmet visor, eye of Alpha-Centauri or an Omegan? — who knows) this is not tremendously noticeable, but here someone has stuck a college-type "face" complete with nose and two eyes! — if only they had left it as it was!

Apart from these mistakes that range from the disappointing to the enraging, the exhibition really is worth every penny, and a must to all enthusiasts. If only the imperfections could be rectified, then it would be worth a whole lot more. Even though Tardis has been slightly bloated to encompass the ticket-booth, it is quite obvious that it *really* is bigger on the inside than the outside.

One last thought — there is a large slightly camouflaged double-door to the back of Tardis control room labelled "EMERGENCY EXIT". Beside it is hung a fire extinguisher, but perhaps it is really in case...

Please note! When writing to any club or organisation mentioned in these pages, OR to WOH, please enclose an SAE if you wish a reply. Thanks.

Yet another young reader has responded to our request for monster make-up photos. Behold Stephen Lipscombe of Dyfed, Wales, as "The Son Of Dracula".

Dear Editor,

I have recently visited a place which "WOH" readers can't afford to miss. "The Museum Of Curiosities" in Arundel, Sussex. The collection is of various stuffed animals in an old Victorian house, but the prize exhibits are a collection of freaks, (two-headed kittens, six-eyed dogs, etc), a mummy's shroud, and a mummy's hand. All are completely genuine, and very weird. The admission price (20p adults, and 10p children) is definitely value for money.

R Laroche Jr.,
Cranley Sussex

(Personally, I think I'll stick to media horror, but curious readers with very strong stomachs might want to venture a butcher's — Ed.)

Dear Editor,

After being WOH-less for two months, I finally managed to find issues 5 and 6 at the latest London Comic Mart. For some reason, I have not seen any copies in shops anywhere. *(Too true — don't forget to badger your newsagents with orders for your monthly WOH's — Ed.)* At least now I have learned my lesson. I've taken out a subscription and never more shall I remain in a barren wilderness, away from the cobwebbed halls of horrordom. My first thoughts were on how much the mag has improved. It seems to get better with every issue. Before I sign off, I would just like to say that one of the things I like about your mag is the fact that you are willing to say if a film is not all that good. Not like some American monster mags that shamelessly plug every cheap B movie, and those Japaness monster films. Your "freedom of speech" is appreciated.

Malcolm Furness,
Penrith, Cumbria

(Mr Furness' many heed-swelling observations had to be considerably cut for inclusion in this limited space — which reminds us. How about some reader reaction to an expanded Mailbag column? Heretofore, we've had to confine it pretty much to short, jokey missives from our youngest readers. We do have quite a bit of provocative and scholarly post from the dedicated film fantasy freaks in higher age brackets, though, and feel our readers might enjoy these epistles as much as we do — Let's hear from you — Ed.)

Dear Ms Bathory,

May I again extend my best wishes to you, Mr Shaw, and the rest of the staff whom I believe work hard on an interesting and sincere publication. I am pleased with the range of material and general open-minded attitude exemplified by the recent approach of WOH (I quite disagree with the correspondent who criticised your coverage of 'the Golden Voyage of Sinbad.') I particularly enjoy the heightened detail shown, as featured in Issue 6 articles "Lon Chaney" and "Skulls: Symbols Of The Sinister." An increase in this type of variety seems to be the key to an appealingly well-rounded product. Your reviews of fanzines and books are also, I feel, a successful and valuable aspect which every serious student of Gothic and Fantasy Cinema will appreciate. (I know I do.)

Chris Bertleson, London

Dear Editor,

Congratulations to all concerned at WOH. At long last we have a magazine which combines the high quality content of "Castle Of Frankenstein," and the visual excellence of "Famous Monsters."

Brian Rolston,
Co. Antrim, N.I.

P.S. If you have space, perhaps you could print my drawing of C. Lee as Frankenstein's Creature.

(We receive many examples of reader art-work and are compiling a collection of same for your enjoyment in a future issue — Ed.)

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FUTURE ISSUES-
WORLD OF HORROR

BARBARA STEELE
"CLOCKWORK ORANGE"
MORE "SPACE 1999"
THE HORROR FILMS OF VAL LEWTON
FRIGHTENING FICTION

The Gothique Film Society is considering a convention or some other appropriately spectacular and awe-inspiring celebration of their 10th birthday, later this year. No definite details as of this deadline, but watch these pages, and for membership-in-the-Society information, send your SAE to Robin James, Secretary, The Gothique Film Society, 75 Burns Avenue, Feltham, Middlesex. The new season starts 17th October.

The Horror Elite, a fine new group you've previously seen mentioned in our pages, is holding its first convention at the Kenilworth Hotel on Great Russell Street, 15-16 of November. Decadent excesses of excellent food are promised, Terance Fisher and his wife hope to be in attendance, and five films are scheduled, in addition to a Fancy Dress Party for those so inclined, and plenty of other frenzied activity. There will be the two major "Mummy" films, (Karloff's and Lee's;) "The Wicker Man," "The Omega Man," and the first of Hammer's "Dracula" series (58). For membership and convention details, write to "The Horror Elite," Mr and Mrs C Cowie, 288 Lunsford Lane, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent ME20 6HU (Need we add "Enclose SAE"?)

With the summer doldrums just beginning, we thought we'd liven up your dreary day with news of some of the entertaining events scheduled for London this autumn, recession and all.

First, there's the second annual British Star Trek Convention. Scheduled for September 20-21 at the Leicester Centre Hotel, the convention will feature guest appearances by James Doohan ("Scotty") Walter Koenig ("Chekov") and their wives, in addition to a "Galactic Fashion Show," a sci-fi film, and the well-known "Star Trek Blooper Reel." For full details, send SAE to Mrs J Elson, President, Star Trek Action Group, 16 Stafford Drive, Wigston, Leicester, LE8 2YA.

Follow-up time: DeVinci's ubiquitous "Mona Lisa" has had precious little to smile about, of late. Back in issue 3, we printed Mexican artist S M Schmill's macabre version. More recently, we have been confronted with this poster from a West End mystery thriller, "The Gentle Hook."

(And whilst we're on the subject of "ST", it looks as though that feature film is finally in the works, and not just a rumour. Gene Rodenberry is installed in offices at Paramount studios working on the script, and the original actors will be playing their original roles subject to the availability of the individual artistes. Filming expected to begin late this year.)

CONSUMER REPORT DEPARTMENT — Remember "Count Dracula's Secret"? We sampled it back in issue 2. Well, Wall's has a new goodie for us this year. The somewhat intimidatingly christened "Dalek's Death Ray" ice lolly is half green mint, half chocolate, seems to be perfectly safe, except for the calorie content, (bulge) is pleasant-tasting and on the back of the wrapper, they tell you how to make a Dalek from an empty yoghurt pot and a toilet roll tube, etc. 5p well spent for the sweet tooth crowd, but personally I'll stick with "Count Dracula's Secret" (love that liquorice ice covering).

Major Blunder Department: In this very issue, you will no doubt note that we have covered "Forbidden Planet" with the Films of 1953. The correct date for it, is, of course, 1956, but our eagle-eyed research and proof-reading division finally spotted the error as we prepare to go to press, and haven't time to re-vamp the article. Well, not even WOH can be perfect, although we really do try.

Andy Johnson, editor of "Starzine" (to be reviewed) is planning another fanzine entitled "Tardis", devoted entirely to Dr. Who. The first issue will contain a tribute to the late William Hartnell, the first Dr and a discussion of other SF television shows, plus reviews, etc. Looks like a good buy at 10p. (That includes P&P) from Andrew Johnson and Eyeball Productions, The King's Head, High Street, Ongar, Essex, CM5 9JG. We're looking forward to it.

We recently attended Triumph Theatre Productions' touring adaptation of Stoker's "Dracula" at the Wimbledon Theatre. The production was set in the 1920's, and the somewhat tedious and exposition-heavy script was played primarily for laughs by the supporting cast. The set and lighting were quite attractive in a cosy, conventionally Gothic way (although it did seem a bit peculiar to have that mirror set nine feet from the ground). There was a winsome cameo from a cheeky white rat, and some of the special effects, which included kamikaze bats with rather poor aim, the severing of a hand, and a pretty spectacular vanishing act by the Count, were most entertaining.

Peter Wyngarde made an attractive and convincing Dracula, despite costumes which were a bit too stylised, next to the other cast members' gear, and an exaggerated make-up which made him resemble "Snidely Whiplash". He acted very well, however, complete with vague Slavic accent, and it was a refreshing change to have an articulate, philosophically motivated Lord Of The Undead, with several telling speeches almost intact from the original novel.

All in all, despite the slow spots, this "Dracula" was an agreeably spooky evening's entertainment. The Wimbledon audience was delighted, and the younger members of some regaled the cast with long enthusiastic cheers, after the final (a little departure from tradition, here), on-stage staking.

The production, which is touring the country through May, is definitely worth a visit for Wyngarde's interesting interpretation, and it's always nice to have the opportunity to see horror on stage.

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE. Available at most record shops

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Brian dePalma's new film, 'Phantom Of The Paradise' was due to open in late May, but as of this issue's deadline, we have not been able to see it, so a full review will have to wait for a later issue. However, we have heard the recording of the rock score, and enjoyed it immensely.

On the first listen, it wasn't too impressive. Most of the numbers are satirical versions of various styles of pop, and are probably best enjoyed in the context of the film. Still, they grow on you with a second and third playing. There are also two "serious" numbers, 'Faust' and "The Phantom's Theme', which are quite attractive on their own. While not strikingly original both these sad, soulful numbers have considerable appeal, and could possibly be commercial successes. In any event we really like 'em, and of the lighter numbers, 'Goodbye, Eddie, Goodbye" and "The Hell Of It" are catchy and provide a few lovely macabre chuckles. Recommended especially to collectors.

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12. Michal Perry, London
13. D P Martin, London
14. Matthew Pegg, Stafford

NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES

STARRING
JOSE ELIAS
CARLOS LOPEZ
AMANDO
SILVESTRA

Dr Krauman, ace surgeon and research specialist is overcome with grief when he learns that his only child - Julio - a young giant now approaching full manhood is suffering from an incurable blood disease

In an effort to save his son from certain death, the Doctor, together with his laboratory assistant, plan a heart transplant from a live gorilla They steal a gorilla from the local Zoo and perform the operation in the Doctor's private laboratory

Initially it appears successful and Julio aided by the great strength of the gorilla makes a rapid recovery The Doctor is overjoyed as a result and feels that Julio can safely be left at home to convalesce Left by himself Julio assumes an ape-like appearance and the characteristics of a wild animal In his new form Julio stalks the streets seeking prey, and upon breaking into a flat kills the occupant, a beautiful young girl Dr Krauman, learning of the brutal murder, and finding Julio missing from home, tours the city streets in an effort to find him and succeeds in getting him home where he recovers and assumes normality

Again, however, Julio suffers an attack and in his ape-like quest breaks out and kills three further victims until recaptured by Dr. Krauman. In a final attempt to restore sanity to Julio, Dr Krauman carries out a further transplant operation, this time using the heart of a desperately ill women, killing her in the process. Although Julio's body accepts the transplant and quickly recovers, it fails to supersede the ape like characteristics and again he embarks on a mission of slaughter

The police seriously alarmed at the spate of murders, have a general alert in operation with mobile patrols seeking the unknown killer Julio makes his way to the hospital where his father is working and abducts a young child, here he climbs to the roof where the police find him, fearing for the child's safety the police cannot open fire but seek Dr. Krauman's assistance in calming Julio. The Doctor pleads with his son not to harm the child, and in a dramatic climax, Julio spares the child but dies as a result

In death, Julio loses the ape-like characteristics and reverts to the appearance of the peaceful boy loved by his father

Produced by: ALFREDO SALAZAR Directed by: RENE CARDONA

NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES

COMMENTS

NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES may not be everybody's idea of what the art of cinema is all about but in its own seedy way the film is irresistible Who, after all, is hardhearted enough to dislike a picture whose heroine is a sensitive young wrestler in a red devil suit, and which contains such lyrical dialogue as "Come, help me carry the cadaver of the gorilla to the incinerator"? As for Julio, the beefy young man whose well-meaning surgeon father has endowed with a gorilla's heart in hope of curing his lukaemia, he's a unique spectacle, with his grotty ape make-up ending at the chin, and pure Steve Reeves from there on down, except for a rather untidy surgical scar

Lest anyone think this is a film that makes no demands upon the intellect, we are left pondering such questions as why Julio appears fangless in some scenes and heavily tusked in others; while the heroine's anguish over whether or not to quit the ring after one of her opponents is gravely injured is left tantalisingly unresolved (Said opponent incidentally, goes through having her skull fractured, a brain operation and a kidnapping, before finally meeting her doom as another heart transplant donor, with her black lacquered eye make-up admirably intact to the tragic end)

For all you slavering male chauvinist types, it might be noted that one of the side-effects of Julio's history-making operation is a compulsion to rip the clothes off every dusky maiden he encounters, and there are several (One lady's dress manages to grow back as she escapes, however)

In short this abominable film has nothing to offer anyone but a really good time Buy yerself a large bag of "Butterkist" and settle down for some grand naive entertainment

NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR

Starring: GERALD McRANEY GAYE YELLEN HERBERT NELSON

Wesley Stuart is the product of an apparently well adjusted upper income family who live in New Orleans' famed Garden District.

The picture opens with Wesley making passionate love to his fiancee. He leaves abruptly after having a violent headache attack. His fiancee Susan is overcome by the guilt of her actions and decides she will find comfort and solitude in confiding her sins in the confessional As she is confessing her sins, she is brutally murdered by having a hat pin jammed into her eye, striking the brain, instantly killing her.

Grief stricken, Wes goes on a drinking binge for almost a year. He finally meets a new girl after being badly beaten outside a frequently visited bar in the French Quarter.

Once again he finds himself engaged.

While on a trip to the beach, Wes excuses himself to buy some beer from a small beach store His second fiancee, Kay, is murdered with an axe.

The police begin to take a strong interest in Wesley and consider him the prime suspect in both murders

Wesley's mother is naturally very concerned and sends for Wesley's doctor who cared for Wes for thirteen years while Wes was in an institution recovering from a mental breakdown after accidently killing his younger brother. Wesley is released on bond and finds himself in the company of a pretty young reporter, Angelle.

While on a date that Angelle has made with Wes to get a story at a local night club, Wes is recognized by a drunk from his picture in the paper After being intimidated by the drunk, Wesley beats him unmercifully.

Once again, Wes is in the local police station His doctor, Bennett Moes, has arrived in town and informs the police of Wes's possible mental condition and Wes is released into the custody of Doctor Moes

Later that evening at the Stuart home where Dr. Moss is a house guest, Wes goes into a sudden rage when he finds out that his mother actually sent for Dr Moss He storms out of the room and is apparently turning in for the night After a short discussion with Wesley's mother about his behaviour during the last few months, Dr. Moss is shown to his room and retires.

Wesley has a sensual dream about Angelle and wakes up in a cold sweat. Dr. Moss hears him as he leaves his room As Moss is trying to locate Wes in the darkened house, he hears an odd sound from behind a closed door Thinking that Wes is in a certain room, Dr Moss slowly approaches the closed door He tries to open the door, and finding it locked, calls to Wes to unlock it As the door opens, a meat cleaver slices Dr. Moss's left hand off As he screams from shock and pain, the cleaver plunges into his head.

Wesley shows up at Angelle's apartment He is in a very agitated state. He tries to relax by getting intimate with Angelle but she resists his rather insistent approach. A bulletin of another brutal murder comes over her radio and Wesley is firm in his denial of any guilt Since a bulletin has been issued for his arrest, Angelle volunteers to get Dr Moss, who can account for Wesley's whereabouts. Wesley has another violent headache attack and decides to follow Angelle back to his house He is apprehended by the police outside of Angelle's apartment Wes tells the police that Angelle has gone to his house, but the police refuse to believe his story and proceed to take him to jail

Wes finally convinces them to go to his home It is here that the murderer meets with fate But the murder's identity is apt to take much of the audience by surprise

COMMENTS

NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR, the co-feature at most cinemas, is, I regret to say, no fun at all. It is a pretentious attempt at a variation on "Psycho", with the dumb denouement quite obvious from the first reel. The colour is bad, the weedy persecuted-hero incredibly unsympathetic, the script inadequate, the "shocks" coldly predictable and clumsily handled, and it's just a very boring and distasteful picture On the plus side, the woman playing the distraught protagonist's cracked mum makes a game attempt at a convincing characterisation I cannot recommend this film, but don't let it stop you from savouring "Night Of The Bloody Apes" L K

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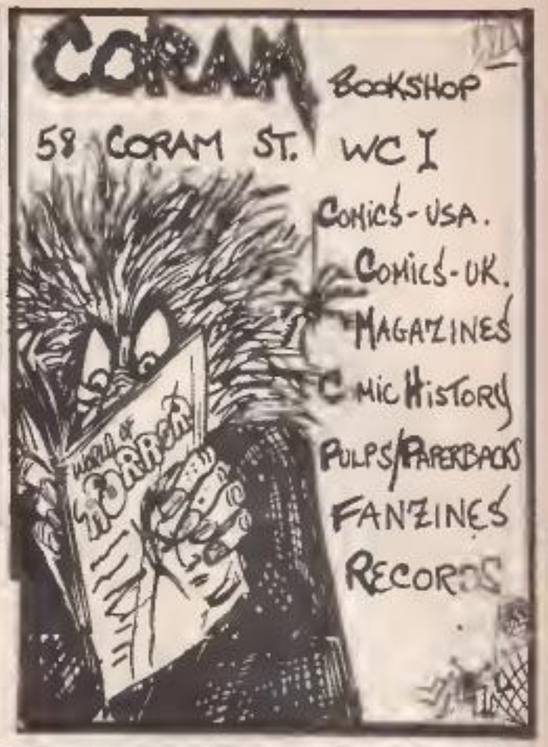

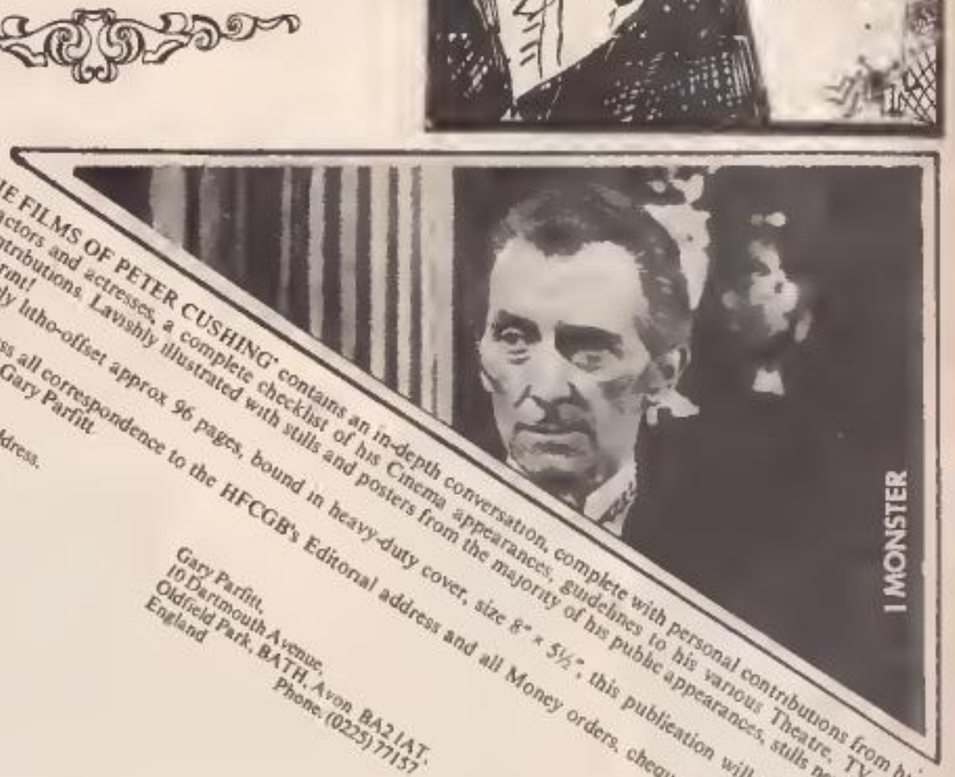

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ANDY WARHOL'S BLOOD FOR Dracula

If you like Warhol, you'll love "Blood For Dracula". The film contains many quotable quotes, such as Dallesandro's remark about Dracula, "He's no good to ennyone, an' nevar wuz." Recommended.
Gent Shaw

There is deep distress in the crypt of Castle Dracula. The Count is searching for the blood of virgins to feed the family. Only this blood can keep him and his sister as "non-deeds" alive. He is too well known in the area to succeed in finding a virgin to feed himself on, so he has no alternative but to leave and travel to Italy. There he hopes to find what he has been missing in Rumania — the fresh blood of virgins.

During his journey, the Count almost passes out from exhaustion, but help comes when a girl becomes the victim of a car accident and his servant dips a piece of bread in the girl's blood which soaks it up like a sponge. His master is saved for the time being.

In the restaurant of a small Italian town, Dracula gets further good news — that the four pretty daughters of a local nobleman are waiting for suitable husbands.

Count Dracula visits the noblemen and his wife, the Marchese and the Marchesa Di Fiori, who grant him the free choice of their daughters. But Dracula's first attempt with Saphiria goes wrong — she has already tasted the fruits of love.

He next tries Rubinia, but she too is no longer a virgin and his body rejects her blood. Dracula's suspicions turn against the handsome servant of the household, Mario, who is responsible for seducing the two girls.

Mario, however, mistrusts the Count and after investigating the coffin that has been travelling with the Count and seeing the bite marks on the necks of the two girls, he realises that Dracula is a vampire.

The servant makes up his mind that Dracula must die before he gets to the remaining two daughters of the family, who are still virgins, Perle and Esmeralde.

First, he seduces the youngest, Perle, telling her that by deflowering her he is protecting her from attack by the vampire. He is caught in the act by the girl's mother and the Count, who has just seduced Esmeralde. Mario answers their accusations by explaining that Dracula is a vampire and must die. He grabs an axe and chases Dracula, chopping him down.

As he drives a wooden stake through Dracula's heart, Esmeralde rushes out pleading for the vampire's life, but too late. Esmeralde, in her agony, throws herself on to the stake!

ANDY WARHOL'S BLOOD FOR Dracula

COMMENT

Blood For Dracula, although some horror purists will doubtless be annoyed by its camp humour, is a marked improvement over *Flesh For Frankenstein*. Director Morrisey displays some real feeling for the Gothic atmosphere, and the film is visually very striking. The late Vittorio de Sica appears as the befuddled Marchese, father of four prospective Brides Of Dracula. (The accents of all four are practically unintelligible, but their appearance is flawless: pale and emaciated with pre-Raphaelite hair and wide glassy eyes.) and Romen Polanski also pops up, in an amusing tavern scene. Udo Kier is much better suited to the part of Dracula than he was to the Frankenstein role, and is quite successful, emphasising the vampire's decadance and physical frailty. He also handles the comedy elements well, and I particularly enjoyed him examining his lodgings in a rustic Inn, gingerly removing a crucifix from the wall, and exclaiming disdainfully, "Zis room iss DREADFUL!" And God help me, I think even Joe Dallesandro is beginning to grow on me. Once again, he "portrays" a beautiful but dumb stud whose no-nonsense innocence exposes the evil-doers. This time, he's a Marxist handyman, frolicking with the daughters of his aristocratic employers whilst waiting for the Revolution. Some of his dialogue is priceless, and I found myself chuckling at several of the lines long after seeing the film. There are a few revolting scenes of violence and vampiric dyspepsia, not to mention a fair amount of sex ("normal", and not-so). Our beloved censors, of course have once again seen fit to protect us from all that, and there are several very obvious cuts. Unlike *Flesh For Frankenstein*, however, *Blood For Dracula* is still very much worth seeing, despite this mutilation. If Warhol protege Morrisey were to begin taking the material just a little bit more seriously, I think he might be capable of giving us some really excellent macabre films. I know after seeing *Blood For Dracula*, I'm beginning to take Morrisey & Co just a little bit more seriously. Good show.

The supporting feature, *In Search Of The Real Dracula* is really a historical travelogue sort of thing, rather dull and patronising, with one of those "dramatic" narrators, and very annoying music. The scenery's pretty though, and it doesn't drag on for too long.

LK

CAST

Mario	JOE DALLESANDRO
Count Dracula	UDO KIER
Marchesa Di Fiori	MAXINE McKENDRY
Marchese Di Fiori	VITTORIO DE SICA
Anton	ARNO JUERGING
Esmeralda	MILENA VUCOTIC
Saphira	DOMINIQUE DAREL
Rubenia	STEFANIA CASINI
Perla	SILVIA DIONISIO

CREDITS

Producer	ANDREW BRAUNSBERG
Writer & Director	PAUL MORRISEY
Director of Photography	LUIGI KUVEILLIER
Production Designer	ENRICO JOB
Music	CLAUDIO GIZZI
Editors	JED JOHNSON and FRANCA SILVI

Eastmancolour

Distributed by EMI Film Distributors Ltd

1973

WHATEVER IT IS

IT'S ALIVE

AND DEADLY

SYNOPSIS

Happy, healthy Francis and Lenore Davies (John Ryan and Sharon Farrell) are settled snugly into bed on a peaceful night. The woman begins to toss slightly, thus waking her husband "It's time," she announces with muffled joy, and the two embrace Emerging from beneath the covers, her belly bulges conspicuously "This one's different then Chris," she tells her husband, as she groans in pain.

The father helps his wife out of bed, and readies himself and the luggage for the trip to the hospital Before leaving, he wakes their 11-year-old son, Chris (Daniel Holzman) a perfectly healthy and well-adjusted child. He dresses quickly and the three of them depart together Chris is dropped off at the home of Charles (William Wellman, Junior) a close friend of the family.

The parents then proceed to the hospital, the mother sporadically crying out in seemingly acute pain She is admitted immediately to the maternity ward, while the father joins three other men in the waiting room. The men demonstrate varieties of anxiety and calm, and eventually get to debating the relative value of this world into which all of them are bringing new human beings Their questions of conscience go unresolved The doctor is meanwhile reassuring Mrs. Davies that in spite of the unprecedented pain she is experiencing, all will be fine

From this moment, the lives of Lenore and Francis Davies undergo a drastic metamorphosis Ensuing events lead to his losing his job, the family losing their friends, and the city of Los Angeles totally losing its grip on normalcy The dark, climactic final night is suffused with the sirens of converging police cars, as the father plays out a terrifying drama The closing scene lends an eerie and thought-provoking notion to the circumstances of the previous days.

COMMENTS:

This film is considerably more interesting than the synopsis suggests Lenore Davies ultimately gives birth to an incredible mutation which annihilates the entire surgical team before escaping into the suburban shrubbery to kill many more in its search for nourishment and shelter The parents find themselves held responsible for the monstrosity on the loose and are gradually stripped of their affluent-society smugness, as the tale progresses The mother's attempts to protect "it" from extermination lead her husband to reject her, and all connexion with the child Francis Davies becomes increasingly determined to be the one to rid the world of the infant menace, finally encountering it in a pathetic scene in an underground tunnel The "message" elements, proposing that today's parents, by constantly ingesting various drugs and food additives, run an increasing risk of producing changeling children, and the very "1950's" closing scene are administered pretty heavy-handedly The acting and direction are competent, if without particular distinction The creature itself is the "star" and it's fairly well-handled Much of the action is photographed blurrily through the eyes of the infant (a considerably nasty puppet, which is never seen in detail, but is quite effective) and, like the parents we come to have a degree of sympathy for it, in its desperate struggle to live in a society which must destroy it "It's Alive" is a very sad, unpleasant little picture We feel that the horror-fantasy film reflects the spirit of its time perhaps more than any other genre of the cinema and "It's Alive" is yet another of the recent wave of uncomfortably bleak and dismal comments on the quality of life in the seventies

Warner Bros
A Warner Communications Company
presents
A Larry Cohen Film
IT'S ALIVE
Technicolour (R)
A Larco Production
Starring

JOHN RYAN	Frank
SHARON FARRELL	Lenore
ANDREW DUGGAN	The Professor
GUY STOCKWELL	Clayton
JAMES DIXON	Lt Perkins
MICHAEL ANSARA	The Captain

Co-starring

ROBERT EMHARDT	The Executive
WILLIAM WELLMAN, Jr.	Charlie
SHAMUS LOCKE	The Doctor
MARY NANCY BURNETT	The Nurse

with

PATRICK MACALLISTER	
GERALD YORK	
JERRY TAFT	Expectent Fathers
GWIL RICHARDS	
W ALLEN YORK	
DIANA HALES	Secretary
DANIEL HOLZMAN	The Boy

CREDITS

Written, Produced and Directed by	Larry Cohen
Executive Producer	Peter Sabaston
Co-Producer	Janelle Cohen
Photographed by	Fenton Hamilton
Edited by	Peter Honess
Music by	Bernard Herrmann

Filmed with Panavision (R) Equipment

Certificate (X) Length 8,172 feet Running Time 1 hour 31 minutes

Released by Columbia-Warner Distributors Ltd

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lon chaney jr

As Count Alucard in "Son of Dracula."

Lennie in "Of Mice And Men."

A late '30's portrait

In "The Electric Man" (a k a "Man Made Monster").

LON Chaney Jr liked to regale listeners with wild stories of his early days, like the bizarre circumstances of his birth on 10 February, 1906, near Oklahoma. His parents, Lon Chaney and Cleva Creighton Chaney, were touring with a cheap vaudeville company, when he made an unexpected entrance, weighing two and a quarter pounds, black, and apparently dead. Chaney Sr picked up the infant, ran outside and ducked him in the icy waters of Bella Isla Lake, massaged his muscles and popped him into an improvised incubator. The massage continued every day, and little Creighton Tull Chaney was walking at six months, and grew up to be an athletic 6 feet 3½ inch bruiser. Surely an apocryphal story, but Lon Chaney Jr at least in public, had little of the grim reticence of his renowned father. His outgoing nature may have resulted from the influence of his mother, Cleva, a lady with a mind of her own. She was unable to cope with renouncing her own promising stage career to become a full-time housewife. Her old-fashioned husband could not understand her unhappiness, and she became increasingly depressed, finally deserting her family to save her own sanity. Creighton was familiar with backstage life from infancy, working in an ecrobatic act with his father by the age of three, and receiving an early introduction to the frequent hard times of the theatrical life. After his mother left, he was cared for by his father, and a chorus girl, Hazel Bannett, who later became the second Mrs Cheney. She was devoted to the child, and had none of her predecessor's qualms about sacrificing her career for domesticity. There appears to have been a good deal of friction in the household, though, as Creighton, naturally wished to have some communication with Cleva, but Chaney Sr. held a bitter grudge against his ex-wife. He also planned a business career for his son, but the boy was much more interested in show business. Creighton attended Hollywood High School, then trained to be a plumber at the Commercial Experts Training Institute of Los Angeles. His father died, and young Chaney married his first wife, Dorothy, with whom he had two sons, Lon and Ronald. Both businessmen today. He worked as a boilermeker and secretary to an executive, but still had a strong desire to work in films. At last, through a friend of his father's he was able to obtain an RKO stock contract. He made his debut as a chorus dancer in "Girl Crazy" (1932) and worked in many films and serials, often as a stunt man. In later life, he claimed to have been involved in over 400 films, in various capacities, and under several different names. In 1937, he went to work at 20th Century Fox, and (his first marriage having ended in divorce), married a model named Patsy Beck. They had some difficult times, as he lost his screen contract in 1939, and they were left flat broke. When they were unable to pay the bills, their furniture was removed, and there seemed little hope of improvement in their situation. However, Chaney's greatest success was close at hand. He had been playing the simpleminded Lennie in the West Coast stage production of Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men". Lewis Milestone, directing the film version for Universal, asked him to take the role again. His performance was extremely moving, and revealed a talent of some promise. He had already given in to pressure to change his name to Lon Chaney, Jr., for publicity purposes, but considered it a cheap ploy and resented having to capitulate, "I was starved into it", he would later recall with some bitterness.

In 1940, he had a good character role in "Men and his Mate" (or "One Million B.C.", depending upon where and when you saw it). He portrayed an ageing, cowardly tribal chief. The part required extensive make-up, and Chaney designed his own, but due to the union rules that had come into being since his father's day was not permitted to use it. In 1942, he appeared for the first time, as Kharis, in "The Mummy's Tomb". This, and the two sequels, "The Mummy's Curse" and "The Mummy's Ghost" did well at the box office, but were hardly artistically rewarding for the star, who stumbled about wrapped in bandages, and caked with Fuller's Earth, a tame and rather tiresome "monster". Chaney was prosperous at last, though, and purchased a ranch in Eldorado

As lycanthrope Larry Talbot, "The Wolf Man"

ictimised by Lionel Atwill's experiment in "The Electric Man."

ise lumbering assassin in "The Black Castle."

County, California, which he christened "Lennie's Ranch" after his favourite character, the idiot who dreamed of owning his own ranch. In 1944, he had another great success, which was to trap him once and for all in the "horror" genre. With the aid of Jack Pierce's make-up, he became Lawrence Talbot, "The Wolf Man." His performance was stiff and uneven, but the werewolf appealed to the public, and he repeated the role in several other films, including "Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman" and "House of Dracula", eventually going the way of all Universal bogeys to "Meet" burlesque comics Abbot and Costello. His films for Universal became increasingly mediocre, dull horror-mysteries like "Dead Man's Eyes" and "Frozen Ghost", and in 1946, after a particularly soporific opus, "Pillow of Death", he left Universal to work independantly. He was seldom unemployed, but continued to be haunted by his "horror" image, comparisons with his father, and the ghost of Lennie. He disliked personal publicity so little is known of his private life, but reportedly he was subject to bouts of depression, serious enough, on at least one occasion, to result in a suicide attempt.

In 1952, his career picked up again, with a small, but effective role as a has-been lawman in "High Noon". He had another good role, as a drunkard in 'Not as a Stranger" (1954) and his portrayal of an ex-convict in "The Defiant Ones" (1958) was also well-received. In the fifties, he made many TV appearances, including a running portrayal of the red Indian Chingachgook, in a series based on the adventure tales of James Fenimore Cooper.

He continued to take part in uninspired horror films, such as "Man fish", "The Black Sleep" and "The Indestructible Man". (All 1956). He sold the story of his father's life and career to Universal, but was badly disappointed with the much-rewritten result, "Man of a Thousand Faces", although he praised James Cagney's performance as Chaney Sr. — He continued to enjoy his home, where he relaxed by hunting and fishing in the surrounding countryside, kept dogs, and was exceedingly proud of his champion singing canary. Though he far preferred films to television work, he remained a perfectionist, striving to give the best performance possible, although his vehicles were often hopelessly bad. In 1963, he made "The Haunted Palace" with Vincent Price, his last role in a major production. Price was impressed by Chaney's professionalism and unassuming nature, and called him "One of the most talented

Accosted by Carole Landis in "Man And His Mate."

"The Black Sleep"

"The Indestructible Man"

actors in films today." Chaney himself lamented the decline of the "monster" film, complaining "The characters have no motivation, there's too much of this science fiction baloney" He continued to work in low-grade films for the money, and the satisfaction of being busy Some of these unsavoury vehicles included "Hillbillies in the Haunted House"('67), "Spider Baby" ('69) and "Satan's Blood Freaks" ('71) In the fall of 1969, he appeared as a guest on the Johnny Carson Show in America, and was a great hit with his tall tales and jokes, although his voice was so hoarse, it was sometimes difficult to understand When asked about his throat condition, he joked it away, but he was really undergoing treatment for the disease that had killed his father, cancer of the throat His last screen roles were usually mute, and in 1972, he withdrew as an active member from the Screen Actors' guild, to enjoy the company of his family, now including five grandchildren, and to work on several projects for publication,"A Century of Chaneys", a pictorial record of the careers of both parents, and his own work, an autobiography, and the story of his father's life

He confessed that the greatest fear of his life was "becoming a has-been", and made a few more films, just to keep in touch with show business His last appearance was in an abominable exploitation film called "Dracula Versus Frankenstein", in which he was forced to enact a gruesome caricature of the inescapable rabbit-loving Lennie All in all, he received billing in at least 165 films, but only about a dozen can be regarded as quality productions As the end of his life drew closer, he was plagued by an extraordinary variety of ailments, including cataracts, liver trouble, gout and beriberi He was helped somewhat by acupuncture, and

"The Wolf Man" about to pounce.

continued to work on his books He recalled the death and elaborate funeral of his father, (with Hollywood going to the usual grotesque lengths to express its grief, then promptly forgetting the deceased in the excitement of the dawning era of the "talkies",) and instructed his family and friends that his death was to receive no publicity whatever He died on the 12th of July, 1973, one of the last of the major Universal "monsters" Karloff and Lugosi had died before him, and Glenn Strange was to follow soon after Only John Carradine now survives

Chaney could be a fine actor, when his material was worthy, but he did not have the ability of the greatest horror-fantasy performers, like his father, Karloff, Cushing and Lee, to turn in an interesting interpretation against all odds His rather "Everyday" face and dull speaking voice were a further handicap Still, his many films brought enjoyment to the public, and his better efforts were sometimes good, indeed It is a pity that his father's famed grotesques boxed him into a career dominated by "horror", as such protrayals were not his strong point as an actor His career was uneven, and often a bit pathetic, but he was a fine trouper, and will be fondly remberad for "Of Mice and Men", "Man and His Mate", "The Wolf Man" and "High Noon" His books were still incomplete at his death, but his wife Patsy and a secretary were attempting to get the material in order for publication, and it is to be hoped the we will yet see "A Century of Chaneys"

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"The Electric Man" again, on the rampage

A LON CHANEY JR FILMOGRAPHY

Chensy sppsarsd in a huge vsristy of films, oftsn in "bit" and stuntmsn psrts, so this does not purport to be a complete list. Films of apecial interest to horror-fantssy buffs sre marked with an *.

Bird Of Paradise(1932)
Last Frontier(1932)
Lucky Devils(1933)
Scarlet River(1933)
Son Of The Border(1933)
The Three Musketeers(1933)
18 Fathoms Deep(1934)
Life Of Vergie Winters(1934)
Girl Of My Dreams(1934)
Shadow Of Silk Lennox(1935)
Marriage Bargain(1935)
Captain Hurricane(1935)
Hold 'Em Yale(1935)
Accent On Youth(1935)
Singing Cowboy(1936)
The Rosebowl(1936)
A Scream In The Night(1934)
Undersea Kingdom(1936)*
Ace Drummond(1936)
The Old Corral(1936)
Midnight Taxi(1937)
Angels' Holiday(1937)
Wild And Woolly(1937)
Wife, Doctor And Nurse(1937)
Secret Agent X-9(1937)
Slave Ship(1937)
Life Begins In College(1937)
Charlie Chan On Broadway(1937)
Road Demon(1938)
Passport Husband(1938)
Mr Moto's Gamble(1938)
Josse James(1939)
Frontier Marshall(1939)
Charlie Chan In The City Of Darkness(1939)
Union Pacific(1939)
Of Mice And Men(1939)
Man And His Mate(1940)*
North West Mounted Police(1940)
Riders Of Death Valley(1940)
The Electric Man(1941)*
Too Many Blondes(1941)
Billy The Kid(1941)
San Antonio Rose(1941)
Badlands Of Dakota(1941)
The Wolf Man(1941)*
North To The Klondike(1942)
Ghost Of Frankenstein(1942)
Overland Mail(1942)
Eyes Of The Underworld(1942)
The Mummy's Tomb(1942)*
Keeping Fit(1942)
When We Are Fighting For(1943)
Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man(1943)*
Frontier Badmen(1943)
Crazy Horse(1943)
Son Of Dracula(1943)*
Calling Dr Death(1943)*
Follow The Boys(1944)
Weird Woman(1944)*
Cobra Woman(1944)*
Ghost Catchers(1944)*
The Mummy's Ghost(1944)*
Dead Men's Eyes(1944)*
House Of Frankenstein(1944)*
House Of Dracula(1945)*
Here Come The Coeds(1945)
The Mummy's Curse(1945)
The Frozen Ghost(1945)*
Strange Confession(1945)*
The Daltons Ride Again(1945)*
Pillow Of Death(1945)
My Favourite Brunette(1947)
Laguna USA(1947)
Albuquerque(1948)
18 Fathoms Deep(Re makes)(1948)
Abbott & Costello Meet The Ghosts(1948)*
The Counterfeiters(1948)
There's A Girl In My Heart(1949)
Captain China(1949)
Once A Thief(1950)
Inside Straight(1951)
Only The Valiant(1951)
Believe Yourself(1951)
The Bushwackers(1951)
Bride Of The Gorilla(1951)
Battles Of Chief Pontiac(1952)
Thief Of Damascus(1952)
High Noon(1952)
Springfield Rifle(1952)
Flame Of Araby(1952)
The Black Castle(1952)
Raiders Of The Seven Seas(1953)
A Lion In The Streets(1953)
Bend To Island(1953)
The Boy From Oklahoma(1954)
Jivaro(1954)
Casanova's Big Night(1954)
The Big Chase(1954)
Passion(1954)
The Black Pirates(1954)
Big House USA(1954)
Not As A Stranger(1955)
The Indian Fighter(1955)
The Silver Star(1955)
Calypso(1959)
Indestructible Man(1956)*
Black Sleep(1956)*
Daniel Boone Trail Blazer(1956)
Pardners(1956)
The Cyclops(1957)*
The Defiant Ones(1958)
Man, Women And Guns(1958)
The Alligator People(1959)*
Case Del Terror(1959)*
The Devil's Messenger(1960)*
The Haunted Palace(1963)*
Law Of The Lawless(1964)
Witchcraft(1964)*
Siege To Thunder Rock(1964)
Young Fury(1964)
Black Spurs(1964)
Town Tamer(1965)
Apache Uprising(1965)
Johnny Reno(1966)
Waco(1966)
Hillbillies In The Haunted House(1967)*
Spider Baby(1968)*
Return From The Past(1969)*
Octaman(1970)*
Satan's Blood Freaks(1971)*
Dracula versus Frankenstein(1972)*

SCREAM QUEEN INGRID PITT

One of the best-known female performers in the genre, Ingrid Pitt has a lot more going for her than her obvious assets. In such films as "The House That Dripped Blood" [illegible] whence comes this diabolically devastating shot) "The Vampire Lovers," "Countess Dracula," and "The Wicker Man," she has displayed considerable talent and professionalism. In addition to "horror" projects, Ms. Pitt has appeared in many "straight" films and TV plays, has spent time on a reservation in America studying the traditions of the Red Indians, and is fascinated by bullfighting and horses.

THE CONTINUING SAGA
DIARY OF A MADMAN

Lucy Sommerville, a rather peculiar young woman, and brilliant student of marine biology, has been haunted from childhood by strange dreams of a submarine, and deep-sea waters populated by weird lizard-like creatures encased in irridescent protective capsules. She dismisses them as unimportant, but as time goes by, the dreams become increasingly frequent. In her second year at college, Lucy gets an opportunity to spend the summer holiday studying marine life off the Cornish coast, and accepts it eagerly as a starting point for her intended career. After arriving at the village of Carnaath, she finds the dreams becoming even more vivid, and one morning, she awakes to find her landlady, Mrs. Lorrimer, missing, and the village apparently deserted, except for Joe Markhaim, whom she encounters in the local tobeccomiste'. As they speculate upon the strange situation, they catch sight of Mrs. Lorrimer across the road, staggering blindly, her appearance grotesquely altered. Several policemen drive up, closely followed by an army truck, and protected by gas masks. The unfortunate Mrs. Lorrimer is shot down, and her body deposited in the truck, which contains a number of mutated corpses.

The policeman began to walk around the street slowly, inspecting everything in sight. Lucy was shaking, and realised that she was frightened. She was glad Joe was there. There was a sudden commotion outside, Lucy and Joe sprang to the window. The policeman that they had seen earlier was now knocking on doors and demanding to see the occupants. In his note-book he took down everyones name, and if they came from outside the village, their addresses. Some of the villagers were angry about the treatment that they had received, and they were now shouting abuse and protests at the solitary policeman. Soon it was their turn.

The constable's heavy hand thudded against the door.

"Open up!" he shouted.

"Yes?" Joe asked in his politest voice. The man eyed him in a funny way as if there was something wrong with him, and shot a glance over at Lucy. At last he spoke, his voice was sharp and authoritive. "Your names and addresses, please?"

"Please officer, can you tell us what is going on?" asked Lucy.

"Well..." he hesitated, then confided in them. "It's like this, a couple of miles from here is a government research centre. All the things they do there are very peculiar and hush-hush. Well, it appears that recently they have been doing something connected with bacterial warfare. One bright spark working for them found a chemical with the power to mutate all sorts of animals," he took a deep breath, and then carried on, "including Humans!"

"You're having us on, aren't you?" quizzed Joe.

"No I'm afraid not. I really wish I were. Well let me carry on. The scientists were very interested in this stuff so they started to experiment on it in an attempt to control it. Well in the middle of experiments some one came along and broke in, and stole a load of the stuff. If that person is fool enough to open it half of Britain could be mutants quite soon. So now the police have the easy job of finding the stuff."

"Very interesting," said Lucy, her scientific mind at work. "Do you think I could get in touch with one of the people working there?"

"I don't know," said the man. "I do know of one of them, so you may be lucky."

"Thank you, I would be very grateful if you did help me. Are you sure it would be all right?"

"Yes, I should think so. Well, I'd better be moving on, thank you for your time. Goodbye."

Joe quickly shut the door.

"Don't you think that would be getting involved too much?"

"No, I don't."

"Lucy, what do you know about what they're doing?"

"Joe, I'm not just a marine biologist, I also have a knowledge of the other sciences." He gave up, knowing that argument was futile.

An hour later back at Lucy's room, Lucy lay on the sofa in front of the fire. She had just woken from her usual dream of submarines and lizard-like creatures.

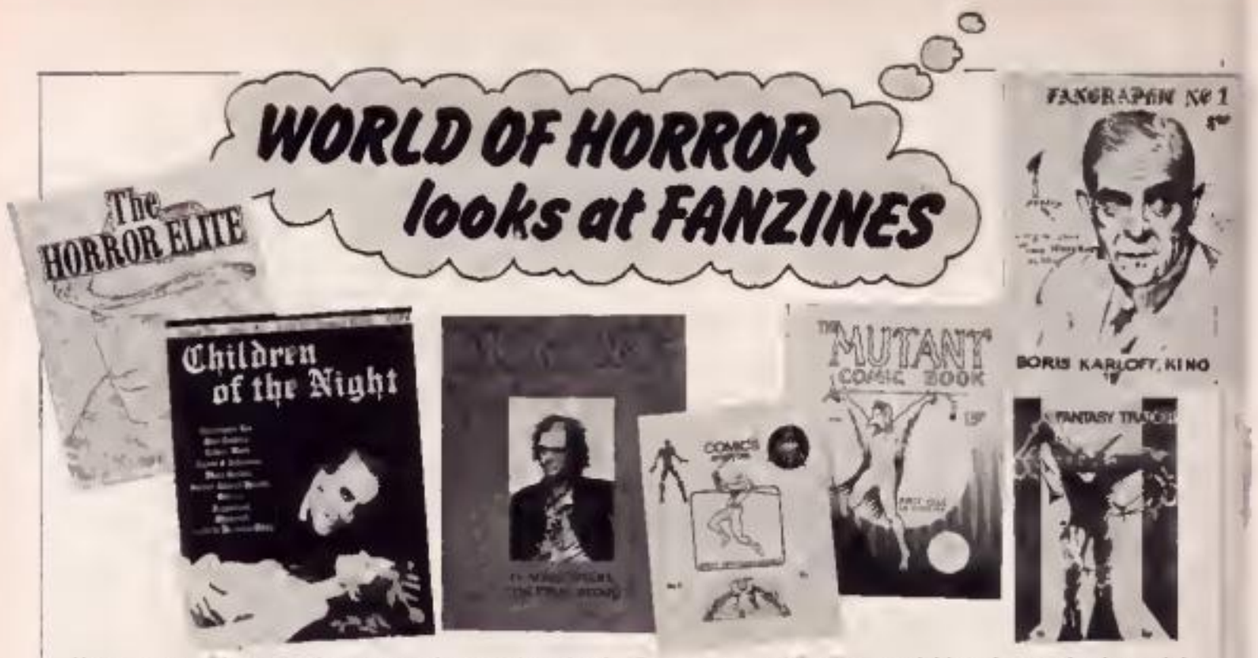
Suddenly she felt strange, some inner force seemed to grip her. It tore and pulled at her skin, pain shot through her body. She wanted to scream but something seemed to block her throat. Her body contorted violently. Her strength soon sapped. Something seemed to claw at her throat.

Choking and clutching her throat, Lucy fell in a heap. The pain causing her to writhe violently on the floor. She began to crawl painfully across the room, half way across she realised that she could see herself in the large wall mirror. It was a horrible sight, her skin moving in an uncanny manner. She shuddered again as the dreadful change met her eyes. Some inner force still seemed to be tearing and pulling at her skin. Once more she looked at herself, and, to her horror, she saw her stretched skin begin to tear at her arm. Blood trickled slowly. Lucy gave up her fight against the unknown force. She bowed her head and her hair fell into the ever increasing pool of blood. Then she lay her head down. Lucy thought: "Isn't blood warm?"

It was a couple of hours later, when Lucy finally recovered from her semi-conscious state. She raised her head, and looked into the Mirror. She thought that after the horrors she had endured she would not be shocked again, she was wrong, in the mirror she did not see the person she expected to see, instead she saw one of the lizard like creatures of her dreams. She would have screamed if she had had the strength, but she hadn't. Her former skin lay loosely curled about her. In shedding her flesh she had become a reptilian monstrosity. Lucy lay back and prayed for death.

This month's revolting episode was contributed by Master Philip Persons of 24 Spring Park Road, Shirley, Croydon Surrey. Well done, but what about a few entries from our adult readers now? Discard that dignity and maturity and think gruesome. All ever over-21-type readers can regard this as a formal challenge we dare you to submit your 500-1,000 word entries (typed, double-spaced and no mucky stuff, you perverts!) to "The Continuing Saga" 344 South Lambeth Road, London, SW8.

WORLD OF HORROR looks at FANZINES



Here we are with yet another survey of some of the fascinating amateur publications available to fantasy freaks, and this month, we have discovered some real *goodies*.

Let's start with FANGRAPHIC a tatty but very amiable little zine edited by a young woman called Wanda Butts in the wilds of Florida (PO for $1.50 to Wanda Butts 126 Judy Lee Drive Largo Fla 33540, USA.) We saw issue 1, and Ms Butts plans to have more organised material in the future dealing with a specific subject each time out, i.e. 'Children In Horror Films", etc. The first issue had a biog of Karloff, with filmography book reviews, and some very likeable poems and illustrated tales of the macabre by young fans.

And while we are dealing with zines from North America we must mention and highly recommend CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT and BIZARRE. The former is "published irregularly" by COIN publishing company, Box 8187 Prairie Village Kansas, 66208, USA. $2.50 (These prices, incidentally, include P&P to the best of my feeble estimations. I hope no-one is unduly confused or annoyed, but with postal rates the way they are it is unfair to expect people to post zines from America at cover price.) CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT put together with obvious loving care by Derek Jensen, is extremely handsome, informative and well written. The collectors' issue included reviews of 'The Three Musketeers', and 'Schlock" (one of those underground hits we've yet to see in the UK), some thoughtful reviews of other fanzines, a well-deserved drubbing of 'Flesh For Frankenstein', a look at Lester's "Juggernaut', comments on 'Flesh Gordon', 'Satanic Rites Of Dracula', 'Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell', and a good deal more, all of it interesting entertaining and good to look at.

BIZARRE' (published yearly in August by The Pit Company, 87 Forest Road, Asheville, N.C. 28803, USA, $2.50) is frankly such a visual gem that it seems foolish to try describing it. Editor Sam L. Irvin Jr. has taken on the task of collecting stills and press material from virtually every fantasy film released in the US in 1974 (Number 3, alas, is the only back 'Bizarre' still available. Number 4 is due this August), and reviewed every one (official ratings range from 'Bomb' to 'Excellent'), from the sublime "Frankenstein: The True Story" right on through grotty items like 'Doctor Death' and "Cannibal Girls". (I feel Mr. Irvin is sometimes a little harsh on the low-budget screamies purely on the basis of their cheapness, but I have a perverse weakness for truly seedy films.) In addition to all this invaluable reference material, Irvin lists his personal awards for the fantasy genre in 1973 and includes interviews with such worthies as Ralph Bates, Shane Briant, Madeline Smith, Ingrid Pitt, Christopher Lee, Robert Morley and many more all accompanied by stills from the subject's films, and candid snaps taken by Irvin during the conversations. It's 74 pages on highest quality paper, and the cover features an incredible colour portrait of Michael Sarrazin as Frankenstein's Creature in an advanced stage of deterioration. This zine is a must for every horror / fantasy buff.

To return to these shores we were delighted to receive samples of several mags from Mike Cruden, 18 Bishop St., Middlesbrough. FANTASY TRADER is free for 6½p postage and will be useful to all comic freaks who are interested in extending their collections. (NB "FT" is free only through the post in the shops it will cost 5p a small investment for a very helpful little zine.) COMICS ANALYSIS contains articles and comments on all aspects of comicdom, and issue 3 featured a nifty in-depth dissection of the many neuroses of Spidermen. The writing on the whole is very saucy and amusing and the illos are good. A good buy at 17p plus 6½p postage. Then there's 'THE MUTANT COMIC BOOK' (15p plus 8½p P&P) which contains four well-illustrated, thoroughly nihilistic and blackly funny stories. Not to everyone's taste, I'm sure, but I loved it and it should appeal strongly to the truly deranged faction of our readership. It's 'sick' stuff done with real style.

In closing we are pleased to announce the arrival of the Horror Elite's first 50-page journal (these large zines will appear twice a year, while regular newsletters will keep members posted on club news, books films etc.) The journal is a very promising start for this ambitious club and while there was some trouble with the visuals, causing last minute changes, it looks quite presentable. The written contents are lively and quite entertaining. Outstanding were the conversation with genial make-up wizard Roy Ashton an affectionate and witty appreciation of Peter Cushing by Paulina Manning and "Hey! Do You Remember?", nostalgic reminiscences of some of the most popular horror-fantasy films. There's some amusing fiction, Price and Cushing filmographies, reviews, and lots of 'bits and pieces' which make the zine varied and cheerful. 'The Horror Elite's first convention has been announced for November, in London (the Kenilworth Hotel), and we wish them every success. Fandom needs an organisation like this one, devoted not to any specific performer, but catering to fantasy buffs in general. The British Fantasy society is an excellent group, but concentrates more on the written word while 'Horror Elite" will have the emphasis on celluloid chills. Readers interested in joining 'Horror Elite' may do so by sending a PO for £2.50 for a year's membership to Sue & Colin Cowie, 288 Lunsford Lane, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent ME20 6HG.

Well, that's all the fanzines we have room to cover in this issue. If anyone out there knows of a worthy zine that hasn't yet been mentioned in these pages we'd be most grateful if you'd enlighten us.

The End

SYNOPSIS

It would not be enough to say that TOMMY, by Pete Townshend and The Who, was a landmark in the glittering history of international rock music. It would be far more accurate to state that it was — and is — *the* landmark.

When The Who's mammoth double-album first appeared in 1969, TOMMY was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as a rock masterpiece, with scarcely a dissenting voice to be heard. Certainly nothing as ambitious as TOMMY had been heard before. The idea of a rock group taking a single, continuous theme and following it through one and a half hours of recording was unheard of.

The story of Tommy, who is struck deaf, dumb and blind by a terrible scene he witnesses when he is six, his growing up, his hazardous journey through life, and the amazing happenings which follow his miracle cure, received acclaim from public, and pop and classical music critics alike. They hailed the recording, apart from its qualities as an exciting, moving and tuneful story in music and songs, as a milestone in advancing the idea of rock as another medium for expressing thought and certain philosophical concepts.

At least ten million copies of the two recorded versions of TOMMY have been sold throughout the world. The original version by The Who was released in 1969, and was followed, in 1972, by Lou Reizner's production played by the London Symphony Orchestra, with various distinguished solo artists, including Steve Winwood, Ringo Starr, Rod Stewart and Richard Harris, and issued by Ode Records Inc. Tommy has also been performed in concert by The Who, in London, at New York's vast Metropolitan Opera House, and elsewhere.

TOMMY: COMMENTS

The original double album of the Who's "Tommy" has always had a special meaning for me personally, and it is saddening to have seen this remarkable work [illegible] materialistic values it preaches against Ken Russell, the Who's own choice for director, definitely seems to be hitting a dry period. Usually one can often forgive his self-indulgence in the light of his many moments of visual genius. The imagery of "Tommy," however, is often embarrassingly trite and corny. The music is over-orchestrated, the new material is not very good, and the cast's renditions of the familiar numbers are curiously uninspired, with even manic performers like Tina Turner and Elton John somehow subdued. Ann-Margaret, of all people, does manage to contribute an extremely moving characterisation, as Tommy's guilt-plagued mother, and Roger Daltrey, (who apparently performed several rather frightening scenes without help from a stunt man) makes an appealing Tommy in appearance, and is an interesting "natural" actor. There are many "guest" artistes, but only Jack Nicholson as the Specialist and Robert Powell as Tommy's father, contribute anything of interest. The Pinball Wizard scene is rather fun, and moments of the Acid Queen segment convey the LSD experience more adequately than most attempts. On the whole, unfortunately, the film abounds in Russell's famed bad taste without his usual originality. (Ann-Margaret drunkenly watching TV hallucinates a deluge of consumer-society effluvia squirting out of the screen and drenching her, genuine spastics and cripples are exploited in a scene depicting a Lourdes-like shrine where people hope to be cured by touching a huge statue of Marilyn Monroe. The former image has been used many times by satirists and the latter is nasty, and worse, quite pointless as if Russell were fishing around desperately for something [illegible] relevance). Part of "Tommy's" original beauty was the ambiguity of its narrative element. This film has made it all far too clear, in the most heavy-handed, humourless, simplistic fashion.

THE CAST	
Frank Hobbs	OLIVER REED
Nora Walker	ANN MARGRET
Tommy	ROGER DALTREY
Pinball Wizard	ELTON JOHN
Preacher	ERIC CLAPTON
Uncle Ernie	KEITH MOON
Specialist	JACK NICHOLSON
Group Captain Walker	ROBERT POWELL
Cousin Kevin	PAUL NICHOLAS
Acid Queen	TINA TURNER
Young Tommy	BARRY WINCH
Sally Simpson	VICTORIA RUSSELL
Reverend Simpson	BEN ARIS
Mrs. Simpson	MARY HOLLAND
1st Nurse	JENNIFER BAKER
[illegible]	[illegible]
Handmaidens to Acid Queen	JULIET KING
	GILLIAN KING
Nurse	IMOGEN CLAIRE

and

THE WHO
(PETE TOWNSHEND ROGER DALTREY
JOHN ENTWISTLE KEITH MOON)

Producers — Robert Stigwood/Ken Russell
Writer/Director — Ken Russell
Special Effects — John Richardson

Top left Tommy is portrayed by Roger Daltrey of the Who
Top right: A macabre "Acid" hallucination
Above left. Ann-Margret awash in material excess
Above right Paul Nicholas as nasty Cousin Kevin
Opposite page Robert Powell as Tommy's father

A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT THE FILMS of 1953

THIS month we're taking a big leap back, to the Dark Ages of the Horror-Fantasy genre. In the fifties, such films were regarded as rubbish, by critics who seldom bothered to review them, the general public, whose enthusiasm at the time was more for cowboy, gangster and big-business dramas, bizarre Biblical spectacles, and musicals, and by the film-makers themselves, who worked on horror projects when they couldn't get anything "better," and displayed little imagination in their handling of the material.

Still, there are always exceptions, and in this survey of the largely forgotten films of 1953, we think there are a few still worth a serious viewing.

Cat Women Of The Moon is a very funny atrocity that featured Sonny Tufts, Marie Windsor, and an embarrassed-looking Victor Jory. It was made in 3-D, to best show off the uninspiring charms of Moon Maidens with "imaginative" names like Alpha, Zeta and Lambda. In addition to being good for a giggle, it's depressingly representative of the 'fifties attitudes towards women *and* the fantastic cinema.

In *Abbot & Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* we have intentional humour that really comes off in a few scenes. Bone Karloff appears as the doctor, (although he did not attempt the athletics of Mr. Hyde.) The ape-man mask is not very good, and there are no chills at all, but the finale, with everyone turning into Hyde-creatures, chasing each other about, is quite funny. Karloff as usual, makes the most of the material, and seems to be having fun himself, while taking the role seriously enough to win the unlucky Jekyll some sympathy, amidst the slapstick. The setting is a particularly odd Hollywood version of London, seemingly half-Edwardian and half-Elizabethan in period, with all sort of exotic accents and attire.

It was a frenetic year for Abbott & Costello, who also visited Mars — well, Venus, really, in *Abbott & Costello Go To Mars*. They accidentally stow away in a rocket which lands first in Louisiana, or some grotesque place, which the two simpletons presume to be Mars. When they finally do get to Venus, which predictably enough, is inhabited entirely by scantily-clad and romance-starved starlets. The film actually had some censorship problems at the time, but to-day, it looks more tiresome than titillating (no pun intended—) and is not one of the duo's funnier efforts.

Another popular U.S. comedy team, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, appeared in something called *Scared Stiff*, which was not funny, and certainly was not scarey. The comic genius of Mr. Lewis has always eluded me, and in the earlier stages of his career, his cavortings were particularly excruciating.

Top left: "War Of The Worlds."

Above: "Them."

"The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms," left, right: "Invaders From Mars."

NOTHING LIKE IT IN 140 MILLION YEARS!
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms
PAUL CHRISTIAN · PAULA RAYMOND · CECIL KELLAWAY · KENNETH TOBEY · JACK PEN
WARNER BROS.
TO-DAY & WEEK—N. & W. LONDON
OCT. 19: NORTH & EAST OCT. 26: SOUTH

"Abbott & Costello Meet":- Boris Karloff at left.
Above James Whitmore is menaced in "Them."
Top right "Killer Ape."

Below right: "Donovan's Brain."

Bela Lugosi, at the nadir of his career, played in *Old Mother Riley Meets The Vampire (My Son The Vampire)* with Arthur Lucan, who was far from the top of *his* form, and the result is an embarrassing and depressing film, mercifully seldom seen.

In *The Neanderthal Man* (the make-up is almost an exact duplicate of the *Abbott & Costello Meet Dr Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* monster) Robert Shayne turned into a caveman, and ran amok, only to be killed by his own cat, (which in the course of his deranged dabblings, Shayne had transformed into sabretooth tiger.) This is a cheap and tatty film, but not without a few entertaining moments.

An obscure 3-D film we've never seen called *The Maze* seems to have had a piquant story-line concerning a 200-year-old Scottish laird's reincarnation as a giant toad. It sounds irresistible, and we hope to have the opportunity of viewing it some day.

Killer Ape must be the most ludicrous of the "Jungle Jim" series (and that means it's LUDICROUS!) Jungle Jim, portrayed paunchily by Johnny Weissmeuller, only his monotone unchanged from "Tarzan" days, and his obscene familiar, a particularly disgusting trained chimp called "Tamba" do battle with a hunge caveman type person, supposedly the offspring of a human-gorilla idyll. Quite kinky, come to think of it (not to add

LUDICROUS!) This one ranks with *From Hell It Came* and *Orgy Of The Living Dead* as one of the most delicious duds of all time.

Although it is a tedious film to sit through, today, *Four-Sided Triangle* (released here in 1952), is one of director Terence Fisher's earliest excursions into fantastic subject matter, and the idea of duplicating human beings is always fascinating. In this opus, a scientist, unlucky in love, decides to make a clone of the lady involved, only to find that the duplicate is too perfect (She too, prefers his rival) Both creator and creation finally perish in the conventional conflagration.

Another British feature with a science-fiction topic is *Devil Girl From Mars*, starring Adrienne Corri, which we've heard is quite amusing, but it's also rather rare, and we've not seen it, yet.

Two strange little movies with child heroes are *Invaders From Mars*, a cheap production with disturbing paranoid overtones, foreshadowing *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* and the 3D *Robot Monster* with its hilarious gorilla-suited extras in fish-bowl space helmets lumbering about in the service of *The Supreme Ro-Man*.

War Of The Worlds produced by George Pal modernised Wells' novel and switched the action to California. Although the special effects won a posthumous Academy Award for Gordon Jennings, there are few exciting moments, due to a bland script and cast, and rather pedestrian direction by Byron Haskin.

The oft-dramatised *Donovan's Brain* returned again, in a sturdy, low-budget production starring Lew Ayres,

but Siodmak's tale of the power-crazed brain of a dead tycoon taking over the doctor who is working to preserve it, has frankly never interested this writer very much, although the enduring popularity of the novel and its screen adaptions would suggest that I am in the minority

House Of Wax was the first major 3-D film, and started a short-lived craze. It is also responsible for giving Vincent Price's career a turning point. After his portrayal of the mad, mutilated museum-owner, Price went on to achieve his widest fame as one of the top actors in the horror-fantasy field. The film, in 3-D is quite tame, but lushly produced, and well worth seeing.

The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms, adapted from Ray Bradbury's story "The Foghorn", was one of the first prehistoric beasties to be revived by man's ill-advised tinkerings with the Atom, and certainly one of the best. The cunning "Rhedosaurus", Ray Harryhausen's first "ster" monster, had plenty of personality for a giant lizard, and his demise at Coney Island, shot by radioactive rockets whilst attempting to ingest a scenic railway, is still one of the more pitiable Creature's-Last-Stands.

Them is another still-popular tale of nature gone awry. In this case, it's rather silly-looking giant ants menacing the populace. Once the monsters are visible, the film goes downhill (although we do like the one nodding marrily in the sand dunes with a human rib cage swinging from its mandibles) but the early part of the action builds suspense nicely, and *there is* a dedicated female scientist, who, (although she is frequently put in her place by James Arness' constant growls about women and giant ants not mixing,) at least manages to avoid making a final ecstatic declaration that she is giving up her career for marriage and breeding.

Forbidden Planet, which was recently seen, along with *Them* in the BBC's fine short season of sci-fi films, is probably the best of the lot, by to-day's standards. It boasts a better-than-average cast, with Walter Pidgeon as Dr. Moribus, Anne Francis as his daughter Alta and Leslie Nielsen, looking extremely young and priggish, as the leader of the Earth expedition to Altair 4. The story, as most will know, is a very loose adaption of "The Tempest". Moribus is the sole survivor of an Earth colony, along with Alta, whom he wishes to isolate from other humans. The doctor has gained access to the stored knowledge of the Krel, an extinct race of highly intellectual beings. He is not aware that the Krel, as well as his companions, were destroyed by dreadful creatures produced by their own subconscious, as a result of gaining too much knowledge they did not know how to control. "Ariel" is a perky robot known as "Robbie", (who has seen much service in sci-fi films since), and the "Id Monster" / "Caliban" was created by animators from Walt Disney Studios. The fact that the creature is seen only once, and not very clearly, makes it all the more frightening. The effects, sets and costumes are all quite excellent for the period. Pidgeon gives a strong performence, and the rest of the cast is competant. *Forbidden Planet* holds up very well, even after several viewings, and has earned its reputation as one of the classics of the genre.

On the lighter side of fantasy, we had Walt Disney's animated *Peter Pan*. There are some very pretty scenes, but the overall effect is of stultifying cutaness. Even the pirates are a bit too sweet, and that Marilyn Monroe-inspired TinkerBelle makes one wonder, a little.

To conclude this month's column, we thought we'd take a quick look at a most unusual film that has unaccountably drifted into obscurity — Stanley Kramer's *The 5,000 Fingers Of Dr. T*, directed by Roy Rolend. The cast was headed by Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, a U.S. domestic - comedy - and - music team, Tommy Rettig of *Lassie* feme, who managed a relatively untwee and believable performance, under Roland (That's rare enough in any child actor, but in a fifties film, it's a virtual miracle to see anything approaching a genuine, nasty, grubby kid on the screen.) and Hans Conreid, who is at his best as the likeably loathesome cartoon despot of the title. The original concept was an idea of "Dr. Seuss", author of many witty, not-too-sentimental children's books. With Alan Scott, he collaborated on the songs, as well.

The plot is simple enough. Little Bart Collins neglects his piano practise for baseball-playing and comic - book - reading, and is reprimanded by his widowed mum and his teacher, Dr. Terwillikar. Bart is determined to marry his mother off to Mr. Zabladowski, a down - to - earth plumber, and dreams of a fantastic world where the adults take on the qualities of the cartoon characters that dominate Bart's mind. His mother is a glamour - girl held captive by the power - crazed Terwillikar, who has built a huge fortress where hundreds of little boys are forced to practise music lessons. Zabladowski appears as a stoical hero, and numerous bizarre characters and situations pop up. At last, the bumbling efforts of Bart and Zabladowski bring about a spectacular ruin to Terwillikar's empire, and the hypnotised Mrs. Collins is freed to succumb to the charms of Zabladowski. When Bart awakens, he finds signs of incipient romance between his mother and the plumber, and gleefully rushes off to play baseball, confidant of the future.

This is one of those films that is so visual in its appeal that it's very difficult to convey its attractiveness with a synopsis. The fanciful and elaborate sets and costumes are thoroughly captivating, the performences (especially Conreid's,) delightful, and some of the musical numbers are so catchy, it's a pity they've remained almost unknown. It would be very satisfying to see a revivel of this one. It deserves some serious recognition, we think.

Well, that's it for this month's excursion into the past. We remain open to suggestions for future "Films Of-" articles.

Oh yes, before we go, we'd like to thank all the readers who have written in so far with compliments, comments, suggestions, and (cringe) criticisms. One point that has come up several times is the question of release dates. It's almost impossible to have total accuracy here, because many films are released at different times in the U.S., the U.K. and the continent, so a film released in 1957 here, might be listed as a '56 or '58 film in many reference books. It can be a bit confusing at times, but after all, it's the films themselves that really matter.

BOOKS

THE COUNT: The Life and films of Bela "Dracula" Lugosi, by Arthur Lenning. Ten dollars, plus P&P, G P Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016, USA or £5.45 from the Cinema Bookshop, 13-14 Gt Russel St., London W1

In our own attempt to give an accurate representation of Bela Lugosi's life and career (WOH 3) we were distressed by the small amount of material we were able to find, and the obvious untruth of most of it. Here at last, is the book many horror fantasy scholars have been dreaming of. To wit: A painstakingly researched biography by an admitted Lugosi freak who, (thank heaven) is also a writer of considerable style, wit and intelligence capable of dealing with his subject with affection and compassion while avoiding the vulgar sentimentality and sensationalism so common in 'Hollywood' biographies. 'The Count' is quite pricey but it is 346 pages of fascinating reading, with full index, filmography, and many unusual and interesting photos of Lugosi in various roles, and in private life. Lenning, in addition to his labours in Hungarian archives, interviews with people who knew Bela, and careful study of even the most atrocious films of the man's career, met and spoke with the actor several times as a horror - mad kid, and has some informative recollections and candid photos from his own collection, to add a personal touch to the story. An admirable achievement, all told, and we at WOH are delighted to see the 'real' Bela Lugosi story at last presented in such a dignified and absorbing fashion. It is only a pity that Lugosi himself did not survive to see his long and varied career reassessed and appreciated in the manner his very great, if quirky, talent deserved.

THE SEAL OF ORACULA, £1.95. Lorrimar Publishing Ltd, 47 Osan St, London W1 by Barrie Pattison.

On the positive side, this book covers some often-neglected vampire films, including efforts from Italy, Spain, Mexico and the Phillipines, and the spicy but poetic efforts of French director Jean Rollin. There is the multitude of stills we have come to expect from the Lorrimar film series, some of them quite unusual. Unfortunately the layout and reproduction is not up to standard, and most of the pictures are very small and dark. There are some errors in the text (John Forbes Robertson, for instance is identified as Peter Cushing!) and author Pattison's style is not particularly enthralling although plenty of information is packed in. Not one of the best, but entertaining especially if you share our passion for bizarre and seldom-seen continental and Mexican horror films.

HORROR MOVIES by Alan G Frank (The Movie Treasury Series, Octopus Books, £1.99)

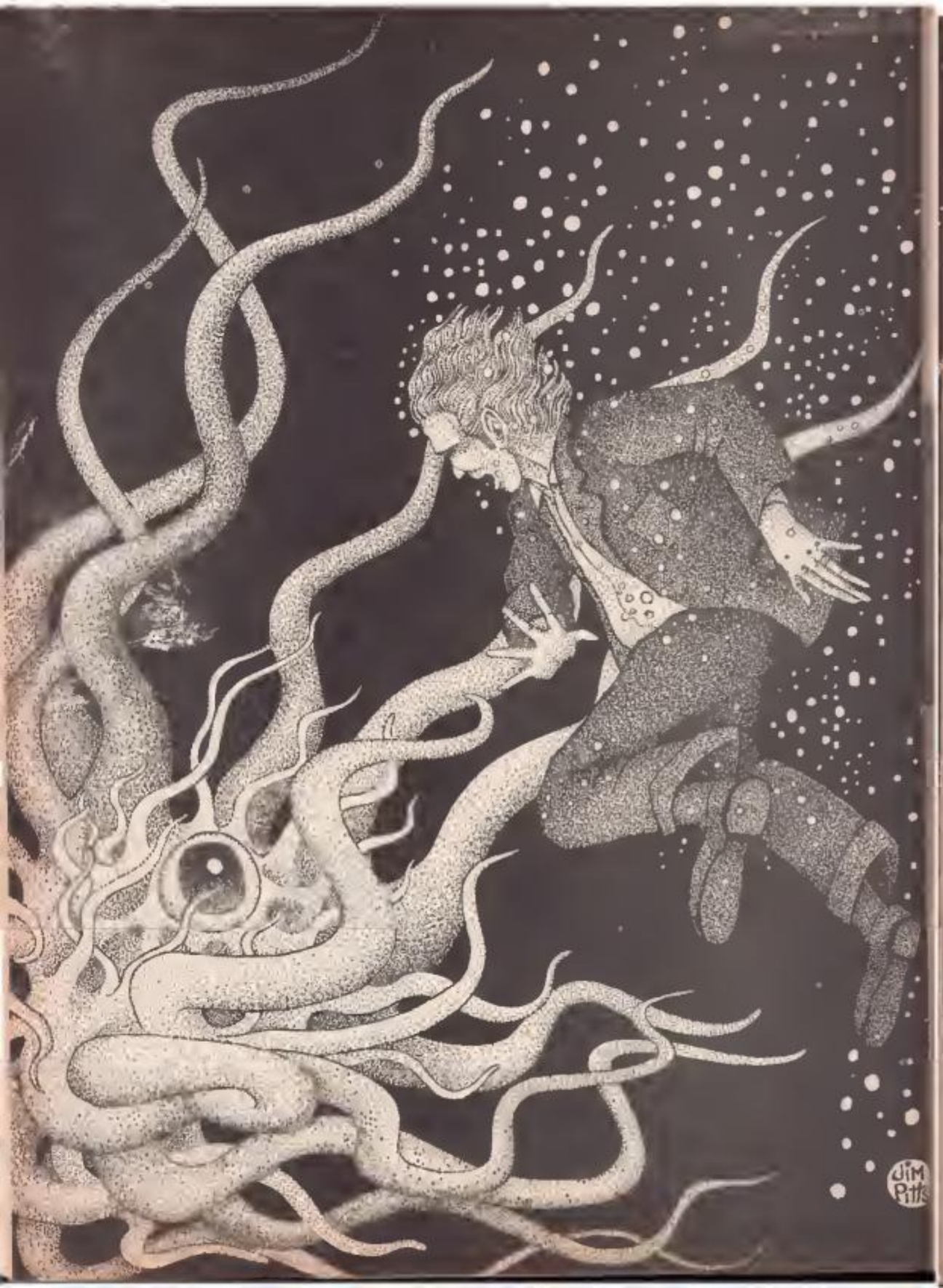
Yet another survey of the horrific in cinema? Yup, and this one, while it contains little that will be new to the dedicated cine freak, is a little different, in that it contains *detailed* synopses of many of the major films, and thus is quite useful for reference. There are the usual chapters on the various categories of "horror" films. The chapter on the mummy / zombie division is interesting, with its discussion of some very early and odd-sounding films of this type, and, (about time!) Mr. Frank also takes a non-condescending look at some of the females menaces who have stalked the silver screen. The book is profusely illustrated. Again, many of the stills are familiar, but they are good and well-reproduced, and there are a few rather seldom-seen items, including a colour shot of Patrick O'Neal and one of his victims from "Chamber Of Horrors" and an unpleasant monochrome series from Hammer's 1958 "Mummy". There are, as always, a few errors in the text but nothing too dreadful, and while I am on the negative side, one wonders why a double page spread from "Satanic Rites Of Dracula" was printed, with one half of Christopher Lee's face on each page. This does not, needless to say, amount to much of a visual treat, and two separate scenes might have been much more effective. Ditto the scene from the same film on the front and papers. That said, "Horror Movies" is quite a nice book, and available at the very fair price of £1.99. In addition, there are several stills, mono and colour, from "Frankenstein: The True Story" (although, oddly enough, the film is not discussed in the main text), and some colour from "The Valley Of Gwangi", which is not of the highest quality, but very enjoyable. Including Gwangi taking a chomp out of the elephant (intersected again, alas, by the spine of the book). On the whole, several cuts above average, and highly recommended at the price.

APE THE KINGOOM OF KONG by David Annan, Lorrimar Publishing Ltd, 1975, £1.95.

Mr. Annan, author of the recent 'Cinafantastic' has turned his attentions to the eternal fascination of the simian hero / menace in the cinema. There are the usual stills from the many films that have featured apes, ape-man and similar creatures. As the books in this Lorrimar series concentrate on visuals, Annan's text is again rather sketchy, but his style is entertaining, and the book makes good light reading. It will have special appeal for 'Kong' and 'Planet Of The Apes' fans, and we were glad to see that such fascinating films as 'Morgan: A Suitable Case For Treatment' and Cocteau's "Beauty And The Beast" received a good share of coverage along with the more familiar animal-obsession films, and that even such forgotten 'masterpieces' as 'Konga' and the Japanese films featuring a shabby descendant of the monarch of Skull Island are featured and discussed fairly.

PAINTERS OF FANTASY (PHAIDON: INT. BY WILLIAM GAUNT) £3.50

This large paperback is sadly lacking in text, but the reproductions of paintings with a fantastic element, including works of Borsch, Dore', Dali, Blake and many other masters are of excellent quality, making it a delight to peruse. For any art lover, especially one with a special interest in the fantastic and macabre, "Painters of Fantasy" is a highly recommended investment.



THE BESTWICK PAPERS

It was quite certain, without word or sign between us, that Nancy and myself weren't going to take it. "It" was a crumbling old place that had been converted into two self-contained flats, and it brooded over a postage stamp of a front garden on the main road.

by david a sutton

The agent prattled on, while I counted the number of drawing pin holes in the living room wall: two-hundred-and-eighty-nine, two-hundred and — I was woken to reality with a direct question.

"Well, what do you think?"

I didn't answer.

"Of course," the agent said, "it has seen better days admittedly but then a touch of paint here and there and you could have the place just the way you want it. The owner doesn't mind you decorating, just as long as you don't make any structural alterations." He paused. "The previous tenants were a trifle heavy handed with the fittings, unfortunately."

"Well," I began, "do you think we can have a day or two to think about it?"

"Why certainly, certainly, Mr. Young," said the agent, and that ended Tuesday's proceedings.

Nancy and I were to be married in one month and we were desperate to find a flat soon, which in this town is incredibly hard. After twenty estate agents' replies of "no" to our telephone enquiries we really were desperate. By fluke we had phoned this agent just in case, and lo and behold a furnished flat had presented itself. Or should I say, had one of the ugly, damp set into our week's flat-hunting holiday. Nancy and I discussed the matter, and were unanimous in agreeing that no one in a sane state would take on that Victorian liability of a building.

However, moved by the forces of ill luck we decided to take the flat and all its faults, whatever they might be and try to make a temporary home of it until better accommodation could be found. With the inventory duly read and all the formalities cleared, we moved in. With the odd pieces of furniture of our own and some fresh paint on kitchen, we felt that at last the place might be acceptable for a year or two until we had saved enough money to move elsewhere.

Ours was the first floor flat, the one below us being unoccupied at the time. Between us we were responsible for the gardens front and back. The front wasn't too bad, but the back garden was a long stretch of jungle, a mass of tall grasses, wild rose bushes infested with greenfly and apple trees gripped by weird convolutions of strangling ivy. In fact it was so overgrown that a very large shed at the bottom of the "jungle" as we called it was unnoticed by either of us from the house. We simply didn't know that it existed until a month after we'd been married.

"Did you know there's a huge shed at the bottom of the garden?" Nancy asked, as though I had kept it secret from her all this time. "I was looking to see if that apple tree had any fruit on it," she continued, "and there it was. Can't get in though — I suppose the landlord has the key."

"Well that's something new to me," I had said in answer, and there the matter had dropped from our minds for the time being, as logically, the jungly garden was hardly a place a newly wedded couple would wish to tangle with.

About a month after I was surveying the garden in order to see whether something could be done to rescue it from its hoary state. It was then that I remembered the shed and decided to take a look. As my wife had said, it was quite a large structure and covered the width of the garden, though I couldn't see the length as yet as I stood well below its flat roof. I surmised that it was so dilapidated that the bushes and the creeping ivy were the only reason it stayed erect. An old tyre rested against the door and a horseshoe was loosely nailed above it.

The door was as locked as Nancy had said, but having had some experience in overcoming such problems, (though as yet I hadn't reached the Yalecracking stage) I soon had the door unlocked and stepped inside.

The owner of the house must have been either a builder, a carpenter, an interior decorator, or all three, for the shed was a riot of rusting tools and equipment, heaped in corners, lying uselessly on huge wooden benches, whose vices were rusted tightly together. Wood shavings littered the floor and tins of paint were piled in rows. Sagging shelves held hundreds of kitchen tiles and boxes of screws and nails. Planks stood firmly against the farther end and the whole extent of the shed was something like thirty feet. The roofing was partly of corrugated iron and partly glass which was broken allowing rain to fall unimpeded and make the place smell of damp and mould.

I was not, at this stage, overcome with some interest, noticing in this storehouse the first tendrils of ivy creeping up from under the planks. In places the earthen floor could be seen, peeping solidly between the soggy wood shavings.

A cat suddenly flew out of its hiding place in a bucket and ran out, giving me a sudden start. I tripped with the shock of the cat's sudden movement and landed softly after hitting my head on the edge of a bench. I was left dizzy for a minute, then:

I felt my motions guided as if by some unknown force or invisible hand. My mind refused to correlate or accept what my eyes were seeing or my hands doing. I shook my head painfully. Minutes seemed to pass in a haze. Then I gained full consciousness with a start as if suddenly waking.

I was absolutely stark naked, my clothes tossed carelessly aside. I saw in front of me an open tin of paint. My hands were covered in it, red and bloodlike. I looked down at my chest, and weird symbols had been painted all over it, apparently with my own fingers, *symbols I had never before seen in my life!*

Shocked and dazed by these bizarre happenings, which I could only explain as a fit due to the bump on my head, I searched and found an old piece of cloth and a bottle still half full of meths. I cleaned the paint off my skin as best I could and quickly dressed.

"You smell like meths," Nancy noted with distaste when I returned.

I couldn't very well explain what really had happened. It was too absurd, almost *obscene* as I thought about it, so I said: "Yes, I was exploring the shed and tripped, smashing a bottle of meths. Look," I said, pointing to my head. The knock had been pretty hard and added weight to my little lie, it was a regular egg of throbbing pain.

Nancy fussed around with ointment and in a few days it had almost gone, and so had the memory of the incident.

* * * *

It was about a month after that, when I answered the door to two apprehensive-looking gentlemen. My first impression was that they were religious maniacs, touting for [illegible]. The older was [illegible], about forty and going grey. He had undecipherable eyes and rather reminded me of Cyril Cusack, and was about his build too. The other fellow was considerably younger, more my age, about twenty-three, and looked a bit studious and preoccupied, a kind of spotty fanatic, perhaps a student.

"Yes?" I asked, expecting a bible to appear from nowhere any minute and be asked if I believed in God. But no, it wasn't at all like that.

"Mr. Young? Er, this is rather an unusual [illegible]. Let us introduce Mr. Donald Hull, and myself, Bryan Ogilvy. We are researchers in the occult sciences."

I interrupted with a "Perhaps you'll come in for a cup of tea or something?" It was my usual friendly manner — I didn't mind anyone visiting, as long as they didn't have something to sell. But then at the time I suppose they could have been in the "Ghoulies and Ghosties Encyclopaedia in three million volumes" business. Still, their personalities had caught my imagination.

Nancy stood up puzzled as I ushered the two queer looking customers into the living room. I introduced them.

"Mr. Ogilvy and Mr. Hull. They're occult researchers. This is my wife, Nancy."

Nancy looked at me in that slightly dis-

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BESTWICK PAPERS

Continued from page 35

dainful manner, for she knew my propensity for attracting "strays" from the street. "Pleased to meet you," she cordially offered, "would you like a cup of coffee? I was just going to make one."

"Yes, that would be very nice," Mr Ogilvy said.

"A nice place you have here ... considering," the up till now silent Mr Hull said in a slightly mysterious tone. "Old building, this." Hull was obviously not one to waste words, so Ogilvy started the conversation proper when the coffee arrived. Nancy, I knew, would be bored to death by these two characters, so she apologised, but said she had some work to do in the kitchen. I was therefore left with these two complete strangers, who had called out of the blue, on an apparently even stranger assignment.

Ogilvy began with a question. "Have you ever heard of James Bestwick, Mr Young?"

"No," I answered obligingly, "why?"

It's not too surprising Mr Young few people outside occult circles have. Most people cease to have any insight into sorcery and black magic other than insinuations of Aleister Crowley's life and work. However, I'm digressing. James Beswick was also a magician, but of a very special sort. Practising white witches disclaim him to be of their kin, while black magicians know little of him as a man and found his philosophy bizarre even when compared with their own frightful work.

"We two have been studying Bestwick for a while now. I feel I must explain that our presence here is because as part of our societies research — we call ourselves the "Seekers of True Knowledge" — we hope to set up a museum of antiquities and artifacts relating to magical practices of all sorts."

"You see," Hull butted in unexpectedly, "Bestwick used this house for his work."

The turn of the conversation was somewhat interesting, but rather strange, and I didn't particularly like the "Seekers of True Knowledge" bit — it seemed inordinately like a crackpot cult. But there it was, I was trapped.

"Yes, Donald has said it for me," Ogilvy continued. "This magician once lived in this very house and probably practised here too. After months of diligent research and some extrasensory experiments — Donald here is in fact a very good clairvoyant — we tracked down his homes. In short, what we hope to do is get more facts on his life and work for our museum, through study of his homes, of which this is one. Our one great hope was that some of his books, written by himself and others and his papers on his particular line of study would still be extant, but now this seems unlikely."

"Of course," Ogilvy went on, "we would have to ask your permission since you rent the place."

Hull did look like a clairvoyant. I had to admit — in a word, eerie. Ogilvy struck me as a dedicated member of the order and both together struck me as something more than eccentric. Anyway, the cat was out of the bag, they wanted to use the house for a séance, among other things.

I'm not averse to something new, so I agreed, on the condition that hordes of people weren't likely to come tramping round.

"Oh no!" assured Hull.

"There is a problem of the downstairs flat," I added, "which is locked and only the landlord has a key. Mind you, I managed to open the shed out the back quite easily."

"What shed is this?" Ogilvy asked.

"Just the one in the back garden — as big as a barn," I answered.

"How old would you say it is, Mr Young?"

"Oh, I couldn't say, but it *looks* as old as the hills!"

"That could be what we're looking for," Hull said excitedly, almost like a young boy, about to receive a birthday present.

"Yes, if it's pretty roomy and is old enough to have existed in Bestwick's time, which was during the first world war, it could have been used by him in favour of the house, since the rooms are a little small." Ogilvy added, "Do you think we could take a look at it, Mr Young?"

"Surely," I replied.

I led the two down and around the house, through the garden - cum - tropical - rain - forest. I was slightly nervous as the structure loomed up in front of us, remembering the incident with the paint. Pulling back the door, I led the two occultists in.

"Pretty dilapidated," Hull noted.

Ogilvy ogtered around in the rubbish and picked up bits and pieces here and there.

"I don't suppose there'll be much to show that whatsisname — ever used the place, if he did," I offered. After all, I thought, it would be more than fifty years since the fellow lived here.

"Look at this!" Hull shouted to his partner, and Ogilvy went over to him, where he crouched by the wall. I followed.

There, in much faded paint or dye, almost completely obliterated with time, was a figure of some sort. I couldn't make it out until Hull noiselessly traced its full configurations with his finger.

I stared incredulously. For I had seen the symbol before ... *painted crudely on my chest!* Luckily neither of the pair noticed my shock, but I must have been breathing pretty heavily for several seconds. The shed was stifling, the air so still, hot and dry. Occasionally the wood creaked. My fears of what had happened to me last month had come true. It wasn't a fit, otherwise how could I have copied so exactly this time-worn hiero-glyph?

A few minutes later we three stood outside in the sun and the breeze, much to my relief and Ogilvy got down to brass tacks.

"Well, Mr Young, this looks like a very important find as far as we are concerned. The markings on the wall in there are definitely the work of Bestwick and we'd like to do some small excavations when it's convenient for you."

"Well, I'm on leave for two weeks as of next week. Nancy will be spending the time with some old college friends in London and so I'm left with nothing much to do, so you're welcome to come along."

"That's very good of you, Mr Young. In that case can we begin on the Monday? We have some equipment to bring along of course."

I agreed, said goodbye and left the two to drive off in their battered Morris. I puzzled on the queer turn of events.

* * * *

My wife's long-standing agreement to visit her chums meant that the diversions of Ogilvy and Hull were somewhat welcome, whatever they portended. After Nancy had departed with a silly remark about my magnetic attraction to "cranks", and a kiss, they arrived, loaded with spades and other paraphernalia. I had a moment's hesitation when I wondered if I should tell the landlord they intended to disinter the foundations of the shed, but then, it's all legitimate research, isn't it?

I did, however, ask for a bit more information on exactly what they planned to do, since I take an interest in almost anything that comes my way. What I got from Ogilvy was almost a verbal monograph. His first covered ground on James Bestwick, a little-known, but powerfully capable black magician, who practiced during and after the first world war. Many of his secrets were buried with him in 1929 at the age of forty, since by then his earlier homes were not known, except by a very few initiates into his cult, and all the books he used, some very rare, and his own handwritten treatises and papers were eagerly left scattered. Ogilvy mentioned books like *Noir Sorcellerie*, a badly translated French work of the highest importance, to Bestwick's own work *Notes on the Raising of The She-Goddess*. Ogilvy told me this and more. He told me how they tracked down this house through cold fact, such as it was, and clairvoyance. Bestwick's *Notes* were apparently a series of books, written over a few years, some of them published, others not, and of those published large sections of the original text had been omitted. The original and complete manuscripts were still missing. Ogilvy was thorough in the imparting of knowledge and after dealing with the Magi's life, went on to his work.

"Bestwick had travelled widely in Greenland and Alaska before his mid-twenties and made a very in-depth study of the Eskimo peoples and their religion. You know knowledge of the Eskimo is pretty paltry, and now that their numbers have diminished, it can only get harder to dig out facts. But Bestwick got a lot more from the Eskimo Shamans than could be credited, but alas, much of this is lost.

"The Eskimo were a race who feared their gods intensely, and also their Shaman priests. One of their deities is Arnaquagssaq, or Sedna, the sea-goddess, who came into being, according to their mythology, like this: In the marriage between a girl and a dog, the world's offspring, men and animals, were brought into being. One day a man took the girl away from her dog-husband, and the father of the girl came looking for him. Finding his daughter he sailed away, but the man followed them in his true form, that of a petrel and called up a storm to overturn their boat. The father threw his daughter overboard in his fear, but she clung to the sides of the boat. He then cut her fingers off until she sank. Eskimo mythology says that the upper parts of her fingers became whales, the lower parts seals. Finally before she went under he cut out one of her eyes.

She became the goddess Sedna. So goes the story. However, Bestwick, as I say, went into things much more deeply. He believed that Sedna has some basis in truth. The female goddess, according to Bestwick is a supernatural one-eyed monster, which lives in the cold watery wastes of the Arctic. This may be hard for you to accept, Mr Young, but he was trying to raise this malignant spirit from its resting place in the depths."

"I don't quite understand," I said, "surely he would need to go to the Arctic?"

"Well no. Sedna isn't just a plain old sea-monster of the Loch Ness variety. This beast is a *supernatural* entity and can be brought from its lair by magical means. The old Eskimo shamans were supposed to be able to visit her in spirit form to placate her for broken taboos. What Bestwick wanted to do was to bring the she-goddess, or her astral self to his presence here and thus learn of the supernatural spheres which are hidden from men. Of course, Sedna is a dangerous deity and like all black magic, his experiments involved a certain amount of risk."

I had to admit that all this chat had, well, enthralled me. It wasn't logical, of course, and appeared to be a weird mixing of magical practice and mythology, though I don't know much about sorcery. Still Ogilvy had given a startling account nonetheless and I was favourably affected. "And now I suppose you'll want to get cracking on the shed?"

"Yes," Hull said briskly, "of course, we'll put everything back as it was, but digging is necessary as we hope to discover some of Bestwick's papers."

I helped them with their tools and also took a hand in clearing away the debris. The workbenches, two of them, were very heavy and we simply moved them to one side rather than out of the shed altogether. All the litter was put in some tea chests which were handy and put outside with the wood, ladders, buckets and paint. The place looked considerably larger.

Leaving them to begin excavating, I went round to the outdoor as it was conveniently lunchtime by then and came back with a bottle of whisky and bottles of brown ale. When I reentered the shed, Ogilvy and Hull were eating lunch, so I offered them a drink. They both had a whisky.

* * * *

The following morning, I went down to look at their progress and found the floor dug to a foot deep in places. Some of it was at different levels and markers stood in the soil. Various sections were bordered by string and pegs. One of the benches had been meticulously covered with baize and some scraps lay on it, broken bits of glass that could have once been a bottle and some bits of crockery. One piece was whole and looked like a crucible about five inches in diameter. Otherwise, it was meaningless junk to me. I saw that part of the sheet of baize had been folded over, covering a wooden box with a small lock. This had been broken and inside was a loosely bound book of handwritten sheets. The box had partly preserved it, but mould and damp had taken its toll and much of what was written had faded into oblivion. I replaced the book gently into its resting place and looked at some notes and a roughly drawn map of the shed. On this was marked the positions where the various items had been found. Ogilvy and Hull were certainly going at it with an archaeological skill.

It now seemed clear that the "Seekers of True Knowledge", while being an esoteric cult, had dedicated members and apparently if they found more stuff here, it would add greatly to their museum.

Then, with the intention of going out, as I passed the centre of the building, I saw a silver globe suspended from the ceiling. It glinted in the rays of the morning sun which shone through the broken roof window to the left. My first thought was, why they had hung it up there. It was turning slowly, then vibrating — I could feel the vibrations and knew they came from it. A shadow passed before my face and a chill breeze whispered as though night had fallen and the world was asleep and unaware in bed.

I was swimming in an evil, freezing cold sea, above me floes of ice floated, but I was swimming down, down into the black, cold fathomless depths. Anquegssaq; I heard the word in my mind— — and in a swirling cosmos of bubbles my body drifted down in search of the goddess.

It had been a dream of course, and I'm glad I woke before Ogilvy and Hull came, for I must have seemed a queer sight. You see, I had glimpsed something hellish in my dream, in the deep Arctic sea, I had seen its *single yellow eye* peering in its malice and hatred! But I also *felt* something even more horrible — and eerie desire, or lust to be with the half-seen creature.

I say it had all been a dream, because I can make no other assessment, other than to believe some emanation from Bestwick's practices over the fifty years ago, had affected me. Yet, when I woke I was absolutely soaked to the skin!

Thinking about it, I realised that something sensually and infinitely evil lingered in that shed, and was in two minds whether to tell Ogilvy. I decided not to, even if it could be dangerous to leave it unsaid. My final thoughts that morning were mixed. I couldn't grasp sensibly at reality and pondered as to whether madness was just around the corner. One thing was definite. I wouldn't enter the shed alone again.

* * *

A couple of days passed, in which the two occultists found more and more relics. It was unbelievable, but it was clear that Bestwick had buried all his lore and apparatus here. The "finds" now amply littered the two work benches, each item neatly labelled, numbered and photographed. Photographs had also been taken of the house and the shed, inside and out.

Ogilvy was vibrant with enthusiasm at the success of their finds, and he filled me in on many details during coffee breaks, which they now took in the flat. Hull was continually writing copious notes whenever the occasion arose, and he spoke even less than was his wont before. Some of his notes had been published in the society's journal, which he showed me. It was a small printed magazine called "The Theosopher" and Hull's article was a kind of appetiser for the full low-down on the Bestwick discoveries, which was to come later in a special biographical pamphlet.

Their excavations were almost complete, and I naturally offered them assistance in putting the place back to its former state. It was a warm Friday evening and we began by moving the trophies of their digging out and into boxes which they had brought. I then began helping Hull fill in the floor and tread it flat. It was beginning to get dark when we finally got the floor restored, but Ogilvy said that they'd try to finish tonight so as not to impose on me further.

I was merrily working away when Hull said, "Listen!" very sharply. He drew in breath with a sibilant hiss. "Can't you hear that humming?" Ogilvy was outside at the time, but came rushing in suddenly.

"The floor ... its *vibrating!*" Ogilvy shouted. "We've disturbed something here ..."

Then I could feel it, as though a lorry was passing nearby, except that we were too far from the street and the noise was continuous. I became scared — I'd felt this thing before.

"I can see something down there," Hull was on his knees looking into the ground. Then, to my horror he began moving his arms as though swimming!

Ogilvy said, "there are emanations here, Mr Young, bad ones, either from Bestwick or his work. We must get Donald out of here — his mind is so sensitive. Help me."

We crossed over to Hull and tried to lift him, but he resisted, screaming, "Arnquagssaq!" Then he broke away from us, throwing Ogilvy heavily into the wall. The vibrations now increased so that it felt like and electric drill was boring inexorably through the floor. Hull was now chanting a weird and awful sounding litany, and I felt compelled to stop it. I took a wrench that was handy, gave him a crack on the head and he fell sprawling.

Ogilvy came up and we lifted him gently out into the garden. We stopped as a frightful creaking came from the shed *as though something large were thrashing about inside*. "My God!" Ogilvy whispered and fell to the ground by the prostrate Hull, "he must have said enough ..." A black cloud descended on us, a mingling of night and dream, a tenuous blanket, a mesh of soft blackness. I felt dreamlike and slow ... as if I were immersed in water. It was cold as ice. Everything rippled about me, but the shed in front was starkly real, incongruous in this sea-dream softness.

I looked at the shed. Its door burst open and a massive froth of huge bubbles exuded from the entrance, and the sound! Like the bubbling of some volcano, horrifyingly and loud enough to shatter the ear drums. The bubbling came so fast we were soon engulfed and it was like entering some mad cosmos of stars, each star bleeping out in mad cacophony. I clawed at my ears to seal the sound out, but couldn't, and the screaming nebulae of motes swirled round and round, chortling.

Then, as the bubbles cleared, I saw a heaving shape in the dark, its yellow and luminous eye passing from side to side, searching. A huge, colourless mass like a jellyfish, *shivering, streams of tentacles creeping over me from its oglymorphous body*, driven by some insane lust. I caressed the tentacles *obscenely sucking at them, tasting their vile excrament, basking deliciously as on them in a fever of carnal desire!*

The thing was absolutely loathsome, and I was drawn magnetically to its loving as to the sweet smell of the incredibly corrupt, but thank the powers that be, that whatever had brought it forth into this world couldn't hold it and it drifted back, fading away smaller, smaller until it became a speck before my vision. Then it was gone.

ISLE of the DEAD

ISLE OF THE DEAD (1945) Produced by Val Lewton. Directed by Mark Robson. Script by Ardel Wray and Josef Mischel. Director of Photography: Jack Mackenzie. Art Directors: Albert S. D'Agostino, Walter E. Keller. Musical Director: C. Bakaleinikoff. CAST: Boris Karloff, Ellen Drew, Marc Cramer, Katherine Emery, Helena Thimig, Alan Napier, Jason Robards Sr., Ernst Dorian, Skelton Knaggs, Sherry Hall, Erick Hanson.

During the 1912 war, a Greek general, a young American reporter, a British consul, his invalid wife and several others find themselves trapped on a dreary burial island. Plague has broken out, and the group is quarrantined. An old peasant woman is convinced that the pestilence is the work of a "vorvoloka", a vampire-like demon which destroys its victims' will to live. The crone is sure that the young companion of the consul's wife is the vorvoloka, and is slowly killing her feeble mistress. The sick woman, who is a cataleptic, becomes the victim of a premature burial, something she has dreaded all her life. She awakes entombed, and manages to escape, but the experience has turned her into a murderous lunatic. Before throwing herself into the sea, she kills several people including the old woman, and the general. The sirocco wind finally blows, removing the threat of infection, and the survivors leave the island. The reporter and the Greek girl, of course, have fallen in love during the ordeal.

Although it has been heavily criticised, and the script is weak resorting to a rather banal series of events familiar to anyone who has seen any 1940's 'B' horror films we still find "Isle Of The Dead" a worthy accomplishment considering the constant aggro producer Lewton had to contend with to maintain any artistic integrity in the materialistic environment of RKO. In "The Reality Of Terror" Joel E. Siegel points out that the original shooting script had very little to do with the film which finally appeared, and speculates that the studio may have insisted at the last minute on replacing the poetic Wray/Mischel screenplay with a more conventional "horror" plot. Although this is unfortunate, the final product is a film of some emotional impact and visual beauty.

Boris Karloff (who often credited Lewton with saving his acting career from the descending spiral of tasteless thrillers that engulfed less fortunate stars like Lugosi), gives an outstanding performance as the general. The officer is a stern but well-meaning autocrat, who eventually is destroyed by increasing paranoia and ancient superstitions which overwhelm his good intentions. Catherine Emery is admirably restrained as the invalid whose mind is unhinged by her burial alive, although her homicidal romp after escaping is rather implausible. The photography and art direction as in the other Lewton films is especially praiseworthy. The image of water dripping relentlessly upon the lid of the coffin we know to contain a living person is most unnerving, and the Goya-inspired battlefield sequences are extremely effective, especially considering the limited budget. We feel these stills fail to do the film full justice, but they do convey some of the claustrophobia and melancholy of their source. In a future issue, we would like to present a major feature on the remarkable and often neglected films of Val Lewton, so we'd greatly appreciate reader comments on this quick look at "Isle Of The Dead".

by MALCOLM FURNASS

ONE

IT BEGAN raining quite suddenly. One moment people were going about their business in their usual apathetic spirits, and the next they were frantically rushing for shelter. Cafes and big 'walk-around' stores became rather crowded, while those with shop-front awnings became the targets for hordes of suddenly interested window-shoppers.

Gordon found himself under a bus shelter, sandwiched between two middle-aged women talking about the weather and anything else that entered their heads ("... and it's supposed to be July, too. I don't know what the world's coming to." "Yes, that's just what my Jack said the other day. 'Mabel,' he said — you do know my Jack, don't you? He's off work at the moment. Stepped on a rusty nail and the swelling — you should see it! Of course the doctor says it's not too serious, but what does he know? I mean, you never can tell, can you? Anyway, he says to me, 'Mabel,' he says...") and a youngish executive-type smoking a foul-smelling pipe.

For fifteen minutes, Gordon stood there waiting for the rain to ease up a bit. Instead it grew steadily worse. It became one solid downpour, striking the ground then bouncing up again, rendering it impossible to distinguish single drops of rain in the watery curtain. Soon the water began to flow along the street and splash around their feet under the shelter. The young men stood like a frozen statue spewing out billowing masses of evil smoke and the two women seemed not to notice the rain as they were so engrossed in their conversation, which by now had ranged through such diverse subjects as the Common Market, Mrs. Thing-down-the-road, the price of food and 'Crossroads', and was now angling back to Jack's foot.

Gordon felt cold and wet and started looking for somewhere better to shelter. Further down the street he noticed a museum, so he lifted his collar, took a deep breath and plunged into the rain.

By the time he reached the museum he was completely soaked and wished he had stayed back at the shelter. He squeezed past the crowd who were standing on the steps and entered.

Inside, the bright lights lent the scene a strange feeling of unreality. This illusion was heightened by the low buzzing of the crowds echoing from the walls and the high ceiling. The atmosphere seemed close and heavy.

He stood around for a while near a radiator, watching the rain beat against the window panes from an ominously black sky, and feeling the warmth seep through his clothing to send wisps of steam into the air. When his clothes started to stick to his skin he moved away from the radiator and tried to look interested in the exhibits.

He had wandered around for a few minutes when he heard the museum guide droning on about some ruby. So having nothing better to do he ambled over to take a look.

It was the largest jewel he had ever seen, lying there in its glass case like a huge clot of blood, sullenly staring back at him. He could sense a feeling of longing welling up in the pit of his stomach. He must touch it — possess it. He tried to shake off this alien sensation, but to no avail, the ruby sat glowering at him with hypnotic intensity, until he could feel it groping through his mind.

As if listening from a distance he could only hear vague snatches of the guide's talk: who Professor Cressington was, where and when he discovered the ruby, how it came to be an exhibit in the museum, and something about some strange scratches under the jewel's surface. His full attention was focussed on the gem itself and everything else paled in comparison with it. It appeared to grow before his eyes as he stared unblinkingly at it. Waves of energy radiated from it, sapping his will with a soothing rhythm.

Somewhere deep in his mind he knew he should tear himself free from its power and with that little remaining portion of his self he tried to force his unresponding body to look away from the parasitic stone. The ruby began to glow furiously — red, red, red — redder than the whites of a vampire's eyes. It almost threatened to explode as it battled his last vestige of consciousness.

The effort expended in refusing to buckle under its spell made him perspire freely and some face-less bystander, looking at him curiously, asked if he was "Feeling all right?" He brushed the fellow away with a grunt and forgot about him completely.

Gradually, the jewel gained dominance in the mental war. He felt his mind slipping into and away from himself until he could view his actions from afar. As if he still controlled its movements his body moved around for a time looking at various pieces of obscure pottery and stuffed birds, before finally entering a vacant room and concealing itself in a narrow closet. And there it waited until long after everyone had left the building.

The hours passed slowly until the night swallowed the sun and released the moon as a token gesture of repayment. The rain had stopped dancing to its own frenzied rhythm on the streets, leaving in its wake a hollow, brittle silence where any slight sound would reverberate through the concrete canyons, borne on the still night air. Inside the museum the stillness was broken by a door opening and a man stepping out to cross the floor with a cat-like tread.

As his body crossed the floor Gordon could feel himself merging with it to form a whole man again. Or almost whole, he could now see through his eyes but still not control his actions. He was a powerless passenger in his own body as it approached the fiery jewel.

The ruby began to glow with a crimson light, bathing itself in a rosy luminance that made the surrounding darkness seem even darker. As he stood before the stone it started throbbing and pulsating like a living heart, reaching out to his soul and beckoning him to come closer.

He reached out his hand to caress the red globule and was not at all surprised to see it pass through the glass case without breaking it. The instant he touched the warm, glowing rock his mind burst into a million kaleidoscopic colours, all of them reds. He plunged through a scarlet sea and was caught up in a whirling maelstrom which sent him tumbling through an eternity of hellish flames.

Powerless to prevent his headlong flight, he became one with the whirlpool and continued spinning, spinning, spinning...

INTERLUDE

He found himself in a grassy meadow, lying on his back on the spongy green which rolled away into the distance to merge with even more greeness and finally disappear over the horizon. Before he opened his eyes he could hear the chirping of birds in the sky, calling to one another as they fluttered aimlessly to and fro. He could hear the gurgling of a tiny spring somewhere to his left. He could feel the warm glow of the sun permeating through his skin and the fresh tang of a pleasantly cool breeze on his hands and face.

Slowly, as if he could not believe his other senses, but dared not to shatter the illusion of tranquility they offered, he opened his eyes. Everything was as he imagined it. He felt as if he was transported back to the care-free days of his childhood, to play forever in an endless meadow far from the crowded city streets.

He sat up and smiled, not questioning the reality of it all — he could see, hear and feel, so it must be real — why question the obvious? For many minutes he sat there watching a rabbit scamper here and there in constant indecision until it disappeared beyond a hillock in the near distance.

Still smiling, he leaned back on his left elbow to face the whispering brook by his side, and arched his right arm over to dangle his hand in the glistening water. He felt a moment of pleasurable tingling as the liquid sliced his hand off, and watched as it floated downstream, bobbing and bouncing in the current, until it vanished from his sight.

Still grinning foolishly, he stared blankly at the stump of his wrist where his hand had been. He watched as a single droplet of blood oozed from his arm and splashed into the water to create a tiny crimson cloud on the surface. He watched as the smear grew larger and denser then started to bubble and froth and spread over the entire surface.

The stream had become a raging torrent and was threatening to spew forth onto the turf before he realised something was awry. Obliquely he thought he should place as much distance between himself and the stream as possible. He rose to his feet and ran towards the horizon. When he had run a short distance he heard an ominous roaring behind him. He looked over his shoulder and saw a huge crimson tidal wave towering high above him, splashing red against the sky. As far as he could see to his left and right was an enormous red wall gaining on him like some relentless juggernaut.

He forced himself on at even greater speed, but found that he could only run in slow motion. His heart was thumping in his breast, his handless arm hanging limply by his side, his temples pounding, pounding, pounding, while his leaden legs dragged slowly through an invisible quagmire.

His mind was rushing feverishly, creating strangely coloured flashes of thought then rejecting them instantly, but not exactly operating on a conscious level. He was trying to make some sense of it all.

Then the redness was upon him, sweeping him away.

TWO

spinning through the crimson sea He had no way of knowing how long he tumbled through the scarlet ether but after a time the whirling stopped as suddenly as it started, leaving him standing upright on solid ground He looked around himself There was not a trace of the swirling mists through which he had passed — it was as if he had simply appeared out of nowhere He was standing in a deep V-shaped valley, cut like some monstrous gash out of what looked like sandstone but felt more like marble or glass Rubble was strewn across the valley floor in a haphazard array of sharp points and jagged edges The sky above was a sheet of solid red, staring brazenly down at him

He was still staring at the alien environment when a savage warrior adorned with red harness, boots, gauntlets and helmet came rushing around the bend ahead of him, sword in hand, screaming a blood-curdling battle cry

The warrior was upon him in a flash, sword upraised ready to slash down at the bewildered newcomer Letting out a pitiful cry instinctively raised both arms to protect his face from the expected onslaught That was when he noticed his right hand was still missing In its place was a shimmering sword that glistened redly in the light He could not tell where his arm ended and the sword began, if indeed there was such a point — they both blended with one another perfectly It was simply another limb of his body, as if he had been born with it

He closed his eyes tightly as the warrior's sword swung down There was a bone-jarring impact on his right arm as the sword struck it, but he felt no cut or wound Amazed that he still lived he opened his eyes and saw his enemy staring, open-mouthed, at the hilt of his sword which he gripped in his hand, and the shattered remains of his blade lying on the ground

The warrior threw away his sword hilt and lifted his eyes towards the stranger With a growl of rage he leaped upon him, eyes ablaze with anger and fury In blind panic Gordon raised and outstretched his swordarm and the warrior, unable to check his speed, ran onto it, skewering himself through the neck He gave a final convulsive shudder and was still

Awestruck, Gordon stared at the warrior's face, sitting on his arm where his elbow should have been, his sword-like forearm protruding behind the helmeted head He could see the dead eyes staring sightlessly at him, still filled with hatred, and the mouth hanging uselessly open, jaw resting on his arms

Fighting back the waves of nausea which threatened to overpower him, he clenched his teeth and closed his eyes so tight that he could see stars flashing on his eyelids When he opened them again the warrior was gone It would have all seemed like a dream but for the still warm splotches of blood dripping from his arm

He heard another barbaric yell and, looking up, saw another warrior, identical to the first, rushing towards him He could not face another ordeal like that again so he turned around and began running as fast as he could away from the screeching figure Oblivious to the deep gashes in his legs and feet, caused by the jagged angles on the glassy boulders, he ran on and on If only he could find somewhere to hide Somewhere — anywhere

He rounded a sharp corner and there, before him, was a horde of the red-clad warriors, guarding a hideous statue, carved from the strange glass-like rock It was a squat figure, almost cubic, with grotesquely exaggerated human features and a perverted smile crooking its lips, from which twin fangs protruded He stopped dead in his tracks It was a trap — the other warriors had wanted to chase him around here to his doom

He heard a growl of triumph behind him — the second soldier had caught up to him He spun around to face the barbarian, just managing to dodge the heavy broadsword aimed at his head It clove through the air and smashed against the valley wall, sending glistening shards of the glassy substance in all directions As the warrior's sword arced towards him a second time Gordon threw his swordarm into its path The two clashed with enough impact to create sparks, then the warrior's sword shattered into tiny fragments As the unarmed soldier began to lunge towards him, Gordon plunged his swordarm through his stomach, and a fountain of blood gushed over him His enemy keeled over and fell to the ground, coughing redly and clutching at where his stomach had been Then he disintegrated and his blood was untraceable on the red valley floor

This time when Gordon turned to face the statue and its guards he was a different man Fear had almost left him and a new emotion filled his breast, one he had never experienced before — the scorching flames of power They fed off his soul and licked hungrily against his mind, transforming him into a savage barbarian like his far-distant ancestors, lost in the mists of time He had taken the lives of two men and was anxious to pit his new-found skill against others — sword against sword, sinew against sinew, strength against strength, courage against courage Gone were the last trappings of civilisation — he was intoxicated with a sadistic blood-lust and a burning desire to kill

One of the guards stepped forward to meet him, but Gordon dealt with him in a similar manner His swordarm shattered the warrior's sword, then sliced through his neck so that his head fell one way and his body the other before they vanished

Another guard stepped forward Then another They were both dispensed with the same way Now fear had left him completely and he was grinning savagely, as he hacked and slew each warrior in turn, enjoying every minute of it The statue must be of some considerable value, he thought, if so many were willing to die for it He stole a glance towards the carving Wasn't it larger than when he had first seen it? No — impossible!

The guards continued to attack him one by one, faster and faster, the quicker he disposed of their fellows The scene was one of wreckage and carnage, blood-letting and fury, entrails and gore He was standing in the middle of it all slashing and weaving, no longer grinning but laughing uproariously

Eventually there was only one warrior left for him to battle and he wished to savour it for as long as possible He did not shatter the other's sword at first, but played with him for a while, slicing off an ear, boring a hole through an arm or leg, cleaving a bloody gash across his chest, piercing one of his eyes But he knew he would soon have to kill his foe, so after he had prolonged the battle for a long time he struck the other's sword, smashing it to tiny fragments Then the warrior stumbled over a rock and fell onto his back, and Gordon was upon him, his swordarm poised above the soldier's heart

A warm glow of satisfaction filled him, coursing through his veins like liquid fire He had never felt so happy in his life He had pitted his strength and skill against impossible odds and now stood triumphant This was his moment of glory He was the mightiest being in the universe He was the King of Kings and more powerful than the Gods He looked around the valley until his eyes came to rest on the statue The smile dropped from his lips and a look of shock registered on his face the structure had grown tremendously — it was now as large as a mountain, towering high above his head

He felt the warrior at his feet start squirming in an attempt to escape Without thinking, he placed his weight on his swordarm, plunging it through the soldier's heart A stream of blood spurted from where the swordarm pierced and with a horrible gurgling he died, then vanished to join his comrades in some nameless limbo

The statue could now be seen to grow visibly — it almost doubled its height Of course! The warriors were mere illusions, created for him to destroy, and at the moment of each 'kill' the powerful emotions, suppressed by generations of civilisations, were released The enormous energy resulting from those emotions was siphoned off to feed the colossus before him

But now what? Its appetite was appeased and it needed him no longer Stiffly, it began to move and its shadow covered him as it bent towards him, its twin fangs glistening in the light

And his blood ran red in the valley of red in the heart of the crimson jewel

EPILOGUE

The guide's voice echoed from the cavernous museum walls as he led a flock of visitors around the exhibits He knew the entire spiel off by heart, having repeated it for many years, and could now say it without even thinking

When he reached the Cressington Ruby he noticed a man at the rear of the crowd looking rather strange His eyes were vacant and staring and he was sweating profusely Looks a bit like that other fellow did yesterday — must be some bug going around, he thought as his mouth continued speaking

" donated it to the museum after the mysterious death of Professor Cressington Another odd thing about this jewel is a series of minute scratches under its surface — inside the ruby itself No-one has yet been able to explain what caused these marks "

The visitors craned their necks to see the tiny scratches They were barely visible to the naked eye After a minute or so they moved on to the next exhibit, the scratches almost forgotten But of course they could not know that the ruby had added another notch during the night

HOW MANY FRANKENSTEINS?

Paul Kiwaies prepares Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi (the monster) for the electrical currents which hold the secret of life and death in "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"

Freddy Jones plays the [illegible] Must Be Destroyed

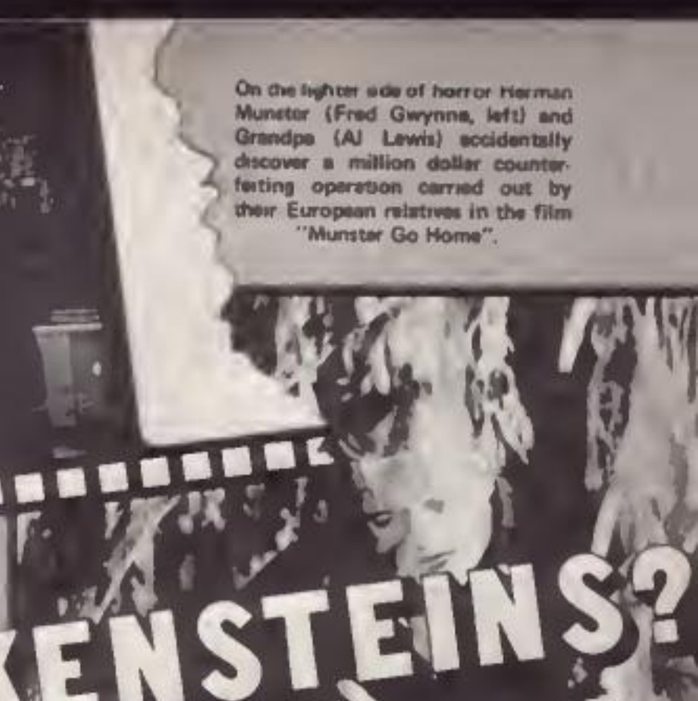
Let's see ... Most horror-fantasy fans can name at least a dozen actors who have portrayed Frankenstein's awful creation. There was Charles Ogle, in Edison's 1910 silent version, Karloff, Chaney, Jr., Lugosi, Glenn Strange, Lee, David Prowse, Freddy Jones, Kiwi Kingston, Michael Sarazzin, Peter Boyle, and, on U.S. TV, wrestler Primo Canera, and more recently, Bo Swenson. (The latter version, incidentally, definitely deserves a U.K. [illegible] it is well-acted, and the script is the closest adaptation we've seen of the original novel.) In our never-ending crusade to bring you the best in visual horror, we present this gallery of "Frankenstein" character studies from the chilling to the comedic.

Karloff taking his tea-break off-set from the film "Bride of Frankenstein"

Lon Chaney in Frankenstein's monster in "The Ghost of Frankenstein"

Boris Karloff after having killed the little girl in "Frankenstein".

Christopher Lee as the monster in "The Curse of Frankenstein".



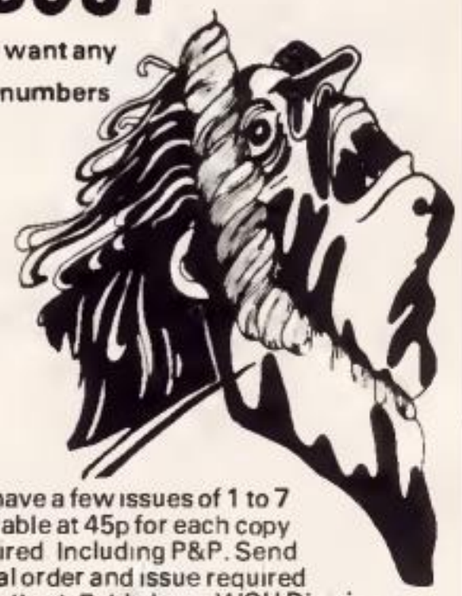
On the lighter side of horror Herman Munster (Fred Gwynne, left) and Grandpa (Al Lewis) accidentally discover a million dollar counterfeiting operation carried out by their European relatives in the film "Munster Go Home".

1962 Admiral Pictures (UA) Produced by Robert E Kent, Directed by Reginald Le Borg. Art Director, Daniel Haller. Special Effects, Norman Breedlove. Screenplay, Robert E Kent. Cast: Vincent Price, Nancy Kovack, Ian Wolfe, Chris Warfield, Stephan Roberts, Elaine Devry, Lewis Martin.

This unueual low-budget film, while rather slow-moving, has some fine moments of psychologicel horror, as a prominent citizen (Vincent Price) is poesessed by the murderous creature which previously motivated the crimes of an executed murderar. The plot is drawn from several Guy de Maupassent tales, particularly "The Horla." The Price character is a talented amateur sculptor, end one short sequence in which the dishy features of a bust of his lady friend are hideously distorted by the unseen Horla is quite interesting. *Diary Of A Madman* is a minor thriller worth a look next time it appeers on TV or the late-night cineme programmes. Director Le Borg presided over *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944) which many consider the best of thet rather tame series, *Celling Dr. Death* (1943) and the grotesque *The Black Sleep* (1956) in addition to many other films of varied quality.

DON'T HANG ABOUT

if you want any back numbers



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